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AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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A FAMILY PARTY.





Embossing



Walters.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



WINTER FASHION FOR 1856.



WHITE BEAVER HAT, FOR MISS,

Edged with quilling of white satin ribbon. Bow, with streamers of white ribbon, and an ostrich plume.



BONNET OF CRIMSON VELVET,

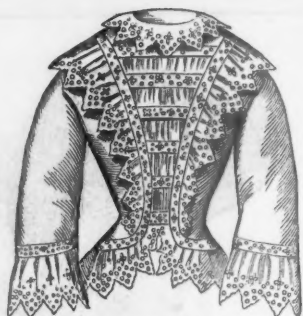
With blonde gathered around the crown, and flowing over front and back to the curtain. On each side is a full cluster of pink ostrich feathers.



ELEGANT CLOAK OF VELVET AND MOIRE ANTIQUE.



MUSLIN WAIST.
Trimmed with lace and ribbon.



BASQUE IN MUSLIN EMBROIDERY,
For Little Girl.



CAP.



HEAD DRESS.



HALF BERTHA, OF LACE AND RIBBON.



INSERTION FOR CHILD'S ROBE.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S SACK.



PATTERN FOR CHEMISE BAND.

INSERTION





MR. AND MRS. ANDREWS' FIRST NEW YEAR'S EVE.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1856.

MAGDALENE: A YOUNG GIRL'S STORY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

CHAPTER I.

But all day have been around me,
Voices that would not be still,
And the twilight shades have found me
Shrinking from a nameless ill.

ALICE CART.

If any one seeking Aunt Colburn—so called by half the village of Deerfield—had entered the front gate, and proceeded with due dignity up the straight gravel path, bordered by lilacs, and clumps of old-fashioned flowers—they would have been shown into the best room by Aunt Colburn herself, in her *second best* cap, hastily sought at the first tap of the lion headed knocker.

But the good woman under these circumstances was never seen to advantage. Her manner unconsciously assumed a stiffness in accordance with the formal arrangement of the chairs on three sides of that seldom used apartment, and seeming to be drawn from the pink flowers which adorned the border of the cap in question.

Neither the "artificial," as Miss Greene, the village milliner always styled them, nor the manner, were at all becoming to Aunt Colburn, who was eminently natural when perfectly at her ease; and where homely heartiness had a peculiar charm of its own, apart from all established order of grace or refinement.

A neighbor "running in," to borrow a cup of fresh yeast, or a drawing of tea, almost invariably found the good woman in the kitchen, where she carried on the work of her household in a quiet and orderly manner, not to be comprehended by "hired girls," who always hindered, more than they helped, according to the head of the family.

The kitchen, by no means entirely devoted to culinary purposes, was a succession of pleasant

pictures throughout the whole year. In the winter, when a thick carpet of domestic manufacture covered the floor, and the bright stove made all glow again with its cheerful warmth—in the spring, fresh from the annual cleaning, in which Aunt Colburn greatly rejoiced—in the summer, when an outer apartment received the unseasonable cook stove and its appurtenances, and the windows were covered with the vivid green and blue of thickly set morning glory vines, trained by Aunt Colburn herself.

And there she was to be found on the day our story introduces her to you, intent on arranging the table for the mid-day meal.

Aunt Colburn always "dressed for dinner," unfashionable as she may seem to be. The hour of her toilet, however, was widely in advance of her city neighbors. At ten o'clock in the morning, "day in, and day out," as she said herself, she was "ready to put on her clean apron and sit down." Stormy washing days were the exception.

Leaning against the pantry door, she made a survey of the table, as far as it had progressed. Clean linen, bright knives, fresh bread, a huge water pitcher, and tumblers as bright as imported crystal, were already laid in order. Through an opposite door came a most appetizing odor of roast lamb, mingled with the fragrant aroma of green peas; tender lettuce was draining in a cullender as an accompaniment, and divers other vegetables fresh from a garden beyond, were in a forward state of preparation. As for dessert, that was already laid out, a part of the week's baking, a currant pie worth all the nonsense of a French pastry cook.

"It's time those girls were home from school," said Aunt Colburn to herself, as she reviewed her preparations with visible inward satisfaction.

"It's just like me. Every day I say I won't set that table, and every day I do it for them. Here they come now, racing like mad. Delia ain't a bit too sensible to run through the street, but it don't look just like Maggie."

"All over my clean floor! without stopping to wipe your feet, after such a spell of weather too," she called out, hastening to interpose her goodly figure as a bar to the threatening calamity. Clear and shining it was, the yellow painted floor, cooler and tidier than any Indian matting.

The breathless girls thus suddenly brought to a stand, showed traces of unusual excitement. Their cape bonnets were in their hands, Delia's comb had fallen out, and her straight, though abundant hair was tangled by the wind; she was a stout, rosy girl of thirteen, a very copy of her mother, in plumpness and good nature. Maggie, looking younger by a year, was more slender, though quite as tall, and a perfect contrast to her sister. No one ever called her pretty—she had outgrown the roundness of childhood, and she had a quick, at times defiant manner, that few understood, by no means generally popular among her school-mates. Yet she was generally in advance of them all, while Delia, who took no more trouble with her lessons than she did from any thing else in life, never earned so much as a ribbon "reward of merit" from her teachers.

Now, as she looked up eagerly to Aunt Colburn, her hair was pushed back from a tear-stained face, whose paleness contrasted with the vivid crimson of her lips, pressed together, but trembling with excitement; and her eyes were dilated to the utmost with eager questioning.

"She's a mean, bad girl; isn't she, mother?" said Delia, indignantly, "and I don't mind her one bit. I told Maggie so; didn't I, Maggie? and I said I'd tell mother of her the minute I got home. There!"

"Maggie a bad girl?" said Mrs. Colburn, wonderingly. "Why, what has she been doing? Missed your lessons, Maggie; well there!"

"Mother!" burst from the child's lips, "are you my mother?"

The unnatural strain of nerve and spirit gave way with the words. She writhed from under the kindly hand that had been laid upon her shoulder, and threw herself upon the hard floor, covering her face with her hands, while her whole frame shook with thick convulsive sobs.

"Oh, dear Maggie, don't cry; don't cry so! You know she's our mother—ain't you, mother? tell Maggie so;" and Delia crying more loudly, and gesticulating more vehemently than her sister, knelt down, and tried to remove her hands, clasped tightly over her face.

A great cloud of wonder and trouble had suddenly darkened the mother's face. For a moment she stood irresolute, as scarcely comprehending the meaning of what she heard.

"Can't you speak to her, mother?" said Delia, springing up, and stamping her foot with a vehemence altogether foreign to her. "It

was that wicked, bad Eliza Jewett. Maggie got up head of her; and when we came out of school, she called her bad names, and said she wasn't my sister at all, and father wasn't her father; that she was a charity girl, and every sort of mean thing. Why don't you tell Maggie it was all a lie. I did, on the spot! Oh dear, don't—don't cry so, Maggie; you shall have my tea-set—anything you want. Do stop!"

It seemed very strange to Delia that her mother did not say what was so easy to speak, and what would have quieted the child in a moment; but Aunt Colburn only stooped down, and tried to raise her from the floor.

"Are you my mother?" and the questioning eyes, dull with weeping, were raised to that truthful, loving face, where she had never looked in vain for comfort before.

"What in the world do you mean, Maggie?" said the good woman, more evasively than she had ever spoken in her life before. "To be sure you're my little girl. Stop crying, as Delia wants you to; there's a good child, and tell me all about it."

"There, I said so," cried out Delia, triumphantly; "and mother couldn't tell a lie, more than George Washington, in the spelling book."

But Maggie's finer comprehension saw the evasion of word and look. No wonder—her whole future life trembled on these words; a dim, undefined apprehension, found vent in that eager entreaty.

"My own, true mother!" she said, firmly, checking her sobs with a great effort, "as much as you are Delia's. You *shall* tell me!" and the vehemence of manner came back again.

"Let me hear all about it first," said Aunt Colburn, soothingly, quite forgetful of the lateness of her husband's return from the store, and her nice dinner suffering by the delay.

"No—no—no! you won't say it!" and a grieving sob, more pitiful than an ocean of her sister's tears, struggled through her utterance.

"Mother can't hear, if you cry so," said Delia sharply, divided between her anxiety to explain matters, and her wish to comfort her sister. Besides, excitement was very foreign to her natural disposition; it made her head ache, and she really thought it very foolish in Maggie to persist in fretting over an impossibility. Not that she had ever had a shadow of belief in anything so preposterous as Eliza Jewett's story. "It was real mean in her to say such horrid things;" but it was pretty much as if she had said their father, Deacon Colburn, was a thief, or any other undignified slander, as far as real grievance went.

"Why she didn't know her speller and definer, Eliza didn't, and Maggie went above her in the class, and so Eliza can't be monitress next month. That's what made her mad; and when we were getting our things after school, she knocked down Maggie's bonnet, and stepped on it a purpose, and Maggie said something, and then she got furious, Eliza did, and called her dreadful names. Some of the girls said 'shame!' and Miss Smith came out, and gave

us bad marks all around; but it was me that slapped Eliza in the face. I was sorry right off, but I couldn't help it, tormenting Maggie so! Now, that's the whole of it. What's for dinner, mother?"

Delia, having unburthened herself of this penitent confession, suddenly found her appetite. Aunt Colburn seized the opening eagerly; it was the first diversion from her present trouble that presented itself—a very natural one to Delia and her mother.

"Dear me—I wouldn't mind her, Maggie—no more than a—than a fly! Her tongue's no slander, nor her mother's before her. Come, jump up, now, and be a good girl, and we'll have dinner right off. Green peas, you know—and you're so fond of green peas—real big marrow-fats; I thought of you when I was shelling them. There ain't a minute to lose, either; it's a quarter to one, as true as I'm alive. What in the world keeps your father so?"

But the cheerful voice faltered a little on the word, and she turned back again, as she was following Delia to the outer kitchen.

"I guess you hadn't better tell your father anything about it, just now, at any rate. It might worry him, you know. Jump up, and get a basin of cold water, and wash your face before he comes in. Come, now!"

The violence of the child's emotion had exhausted itself; but, though she obeyed the well-meant kindness, and bathed her swollen eyes and throbbing temples, she could not regain composure. While Delia, by this time almost forgetting her school quarrel—the only light in which she regarded what had happened—followed her mother about, lifting up lids, and peeping into the Dutch oven, with a hungry zeal which received occasional checks.

Dinner was on the table. Aunt Colburn, after sending Delia to the gate to see if her father was coming, and taking two journeys herself to the front hall window, looking up the street and down the street, was secretly glad that it was so near school time, that no further delay was advisable. Her husband would be sure to notice Maggie's face, and an explanation before the children was by no means desirable.

Maggie, by the vine-covered window, leaned her head against the sash, while now and then a long, quivering sigh told of the storm that had shaken her.

"Here's a nice little outside piece," said Aunt Colburn, temptingly. "Just as you like it, and new potatoes."

"Only think! New potatoes and elegant gravy!" called out Delia, doing rapid execution on a heaping plateful. "And pie—mother, a real big piece, you know—I'm as starved as a cat."

Aunt Colburn's cat was no example to Delia's comparison, as she sprang up on the window-sill just then, with a softened tread and gentle purr, as if she desired to help in comforting the household favorite.

"Maggie, still silent, stroked her soft fur, and looked steadily out on the garden, though she saw nothing of its summer glories through the

tears that wore returning as "clouds after the rain."

Aunt Colburn laid down her knife, and rose from the table. She could not eat with that sorrowful face and figure before her.

"I can't bear to see you do so—you'll fret yourself sick, Maggie. Poor pussy—poor pussy! tell Maggie to come and eat her dinner, pussy!"

"Don't—please don't—I couldn't eat, it would choke me!" said the child, breaking away again from the hand which had never been held out but in kindness, to any living creature, and darting from the room. It was assurance and not soothing that she wanted. The restless, perturbed manner, the very tone of her mother, heightened the feverish apprehension, beyond even a show of restraint.

"There—never mind, don't follow her," Aunt Colburn said, slowly, as she returned to the table. "I guess she'd better cry it out, and you can tell Miss Smith that her head aches too much to come this afternoon."

"I s'pose it does, poor thing. What in the world put it into that 'Liza Jewett's head, to start up such a story now!" she thought to herself.

CHAPTER II.

"Be frank with me, and I accept my lot.
But deal not with me as a grieving child,
Who, for the loss of that which he hath not,
Is by a show of kindness still beguiled."

"I thought I should have sunk through the floor!" said Aunt Colburn to her husband that same evening. He had not been home before, and this was her first opportunity for a consultation. "Are you my mother?" says she!—There—just so. You might have knocked me down with a feather."

"I suppose it had to come out sooner or later," said Mr. Colburn, walking up and down uncomfortably.

"I s'pose so; but somehow, I never thought about it. It's been going on so long, now, and I had got to feel towards her exactly as if she was my own. Tenderer, somehow. I told her she was mine; to be sure, I do feel so. But that wouldn't satisfy her. She knows too much, that child does. I always said so. Delia, now, took it all for granted; but you could see that she didn't. I never saw a body cry so. Why, she shook all over, just like a leaf."

"What could have possessed that girl?" said Mr. Colburn, inclined to vent his perturbed feelings on some one.

"So I said! It's just like her, though—they're all alike—bad stock—those Jewetts.—She'd a great deal better look at home; though it isn't likely she knows anything about it, either." And Mrs. Colburn softened a little.—

"But it called Miss Russel, our minister's wife, right up before me. 'Aunt Colburn,' says she—I can see her sitting right there now—'Aunt Colburn,' says she, 'it's a great responsibility, adopting a child; a great responsibility.' 'I feel it so,' says I, 'and I intend to do by her as if she was mine.'"

"Oh, it ain't that," said Miss Russel, with one of her sharp looks; "I never'd be afraid to

trust a child of mine to you, as far as food and clothes go, and education, too, for that matter. That's just what set me up, that those two girls should go to school just as long as ever they wanted to. And they shall—both of 'em," she added, with determination.

"That wouldn't be long for Delia, anyhow," said Delia's father, with as full an appreciation of the quality of his daughter's intellect, as he had for his teas and sugars.

"Well—who said it would be?" retorted his wife, with as much of sharpness as her voice could possibly admit. "But Miss Russel, as I was telling you—says she, 'the time must come when she's got to know all about it, and it will go hard with her, you may depend upon it.—she's very sensitive,'—yes, sensitive was what she said,—and high-spirited, and it's my opinion she won't always be contented to travel your path."

"Then the Lord will guide her feet into another," says Mr. Russel, coming in after his wife just then, from church meeting. I always remembered it, it made such an impression upon me. If ever there was a saint walked the earth, it was that man! It always did me good just to look at him."

"So he *was*—so it *did*," said Mr. Colburn, with hearty assent.

"I often think, when my mind gets running back to the time," said Aunt Colburn, giving a hearty pat to the clean shirt she had just sprinkled and rolled up to be ready for ironing,—"*Mr. Russel could lay claim to all those 'blessed are they,' in the 'Sermon on the Mount.'*"

"Except being persecuted for righteousness' sake," suggested her husband.

"Well, if he wasn't, he *ought to have been*," said Aunt Colburn, much interested in carrying her point. "And Deacon Wilcox came about as near to bringing it on him, as one man could do. I never could forgive him, and I never will. I was always glad he took himself out of the Church as soon as he had managed to get Mr. Russel sent off. Not that I've got any ill will towards anybody. Tain't my way."

It certainly was not Aunt Colburn's way; there were witnesses enough to prove it in the village of Deerfield, where she had been born and bred.

"But what in the world am I going to do?" she added, after a momentary pause. "She isn't going to be satisfied with nothing but the whole truth."

"Tell it to her then," said the straight-forward Deacon; who never had known but one way of doing things in this life.

"It's very easy to say, Joshua, but"—and the pause now was filled with a yearning fear of losing the mother's place she had always held in the heart of the child to whom she had given a mother's care; of giving utterance to the separation which she felt had already commenced, of saddening that young life with nameless forboding, and calling up haunting memories of another home.

"I wonder if she remembers her own mother," said Mr. Colburn, sud-
denly.

"Tisn't at all likely; she was only seventeen months, you know, when we took her, and she was never at her grandfather's but once, the fall before her mother died. Let's see, she was four years old that October."

"Then she never has talked about any of them."

"Well, once," said Mrs. Colburn. "Once when she was playing with her doll, one Saturday afternoon. She put it right down, and came to me, and says she—'Mother, did you ever feel as if you wasn't yourself, but somebody else; as if you had ever lived before?' It was such a curious question, but you know how you do feel sometimes, as if you had lived through something that's just taking place; I have, anyway, so I told her yes, and she seemed quite satisfied, though it worried me at the time. She never'll see anything of her father, I don't believe."

"I'm sure her mother's folks don't do any better by her. She's their own flesh and blood, though they do seem to forget it."

"I never wanted 'em to remember it, for my part," returned Mrs. Colburn, warmly. "When I took that child, I took her for good and all, and no thanks to any of them. If the poor girl did wrong, dear knows, she suffered enough for it, and she's got to Heaven before any of them. I always understood her calling that child Magdalene, though people did think it was such an outlandish name; if ever there was a true penitent, she was one; and I never doubted her being married to him for an instant, just as she said. It was *her* folks that threw the first stone, and I only hope it won't be turned into a mill-stone for their necks, one of these days. She must take after her father, though; the Howes were always plain farm people, good enough in their way. Lucy was the likeliest of them, though, and I always thought it was what turned those two old maids against her."

"I don't know as we are particularly called to pass judgment on any of them," said Mr. Colburn, mildly; "I hope Maggie isn't going to fret over it, though. If she asks you again, you'd better tell her all you know, I think. She's gone to bed now, I suppose."

"Likely she has, she didn't eat a thing, though, at dinner, nor come down to tea. I went up softly, and opened the door; there she lay, with her apron over her head, but I don't believe she was asleep. She didn't stir, and I didn't say anything."

She was not asleep even yet, late as the hour was for this quiet and orderly household. Delia, who shared the little chamber, had long since kissed her good night, and turning on her pillow, slept with flushed face and parted lips, stirred by deep and regular breathing. Magdalene, just awakened to the deep significance of her name, had stolen noiselessly from her side, and sat down by the open window in her night-dress. There was a clear moonlight flooding the room, the little chamber, where the outline of every homely article of furniture was so familiar; and yet, as she sat there, her arms clasped about her knees, and her hair falling

over her shoulders, rocking to and fro in unquiet thought, a dim picture was before her, mocking recollection by its shadowy, fleeting outlines, yet ever returning, and thrusting its phantoms before her.

It was a bright, autumn morning drive, with Delia and her father and mother. She could recall that distinctly; they were going to pay a visit all by themselves, of a whole week, while their father and mother took a little journey among some distant relatives.

She lived over again the excitement of setting out, and how Delia had told her when they had since talked it over among themselves, that father drove them in the wide chaise, they sitting on "crickets" in front, and how he jerked the reins over their heads, until their clean, blue gingham bonnets were all soiled before mother noticed it; this fact seemed to have made the greatest impression on Delia, ever alive to appearances. Delia said, moreover, for she being older, remembered better, that it was an old farm house they went to, with plenty of chestnut trees, and great heaps of winter apples on the floor of the spare room in which they were put to sleep.

Delia could be trusted here, too; the apples had been imprinted on her mind by a grievous disappointment she had suffered through them. Congratulating herself on an unlimited supply, she had been defeated in the outset of her inroads, by finding that her teeth could not make the least impression on them. There Delia's recollections ceased, except that there were two cross old women, who scolded them a great deal, and a nice, sick lady, who told them stories. That there was a cross, old man, who came home before he was expected, and wanted to know "what those children were doing here." She seemed to think he must be the father of the old ladies that scolded them.

Thinking over all these things, memories of her own gradually were woven with Delia's narrative. The sick lady was so very, very good to her, and looked so thin and pale, though she went about the house, and one night—it came to her with a sudden flash of recollection—she came and took her out of bed when Delia was asleep, and rocked her a long, long time, holding her close to her bosom, and kissing her forehead, and cheeks, and lips, over and over again, and made the child call her "mother," but said she must not say it before any one; and that she was frightened by it all, but did as she was told to, and then the lady held her closer still, and kissed her again and again; until her face and arms were all wet with tears. It was like a dream, perhaps she had dreamed it; how could it be so?—was not Delia her own sister, and Delia's father her father?

She looked quickly around the room, willing to convince herself that it was only a dream; but no—Delia, sleeping in the moonlight, was like her mother; she was not; no one had ever called her so; she had often heard the difference remarked upon in their ways, more than their appearance. Poor child! she put her hand to

her forehead, dizzy with trying to bring some order out of this chaos of doubt and conjecture.

Just then the door opened a little way, and Mrs. Colburn's kind face looked in. "She had come, anxious about her charge, in hopes to find she had forgotten her troubles for a while in sleep."

Magdalene's heart stood still with a sudden resolve, as she sprang up, and crossing the floor swiftly, and almost as silently as if she had been the spirit she looked like, with her pale face, and white night dress, gleaming in the silvery light.

The "Up yet, Maggie?" died from Mrs. Colburn's lips.

"I am glad you came," she said, with the quick, imperious way so peculiar to her. "Tell me now, did I ever see my own mother since I was a baby?"

Mrs. Colburn, left to herself, would not have known how to begin her story. This sudden assumption, startling as it was, she felt to be a relief.

"Stop—I will come out in the hall—I want to see you all alone;" and, before she could remonstrate, the child had led her to the great easy chair by the window, and stood beside it, her feet bare and white on the painted floor, her face upraised, with a strange expression of mingled grief and expectation.

"Tell me about her; did I ever see her?" she asked again.

"Once, Maggie—a long time ago; don't look at me so, Maggie; that is like her look, when she left you in my arms, and went away, turning back, with her eyes never taken from your face."

"Why did she leave me with you; did she love me?" and the child's lips quivered with the fancied wrong.

"Love you! it was like tearing soul and body apart, poor thing. Maggie, shall I tell you all about it, as if you were a woman," said Aunt Colburn, suddenly. She had thus far been led on by the strong will of the child.

"All about it; I shall have to know some day; tell me now," pleaded Magdalene, more gently.

"And will you love me, and Delia and your father, just as much as ever?" The voice faltered with the dread, which her earnest, loving heart could scarcely bear to name.

"Haven't you been so much like my mother, that I never thought of any other?"

With a sudden impulse, Magdalene leaned forward, and threw her arms around the neck to which she had clung in helpless, friendless infancy. Aunt Colburn's heart was comforted, as she lifted the child up in her arms.

"It's not much to tell, dear," she said, in her direct and homely way. "Only your grandfather would not take your mother home to die, if she brought you; and she was worn out with trouble, and working day and night to take care of you both, and I heard about it. So I took you home, though I had never seen your mother before, to bring up with my Delia;

and you never saw her but once after that, when she was going to die, and your grandfather was away from home. You and Delia staid there a week; your aunt thought it would be the best way to keep people from talking."

"Was my father a bad man?"

"I'm afraid he was, Maggie; he never sent to know about you or her either."

"And my mother is dead?" said Magdalene, slowly, as if striving fully to comprehend her lonely lot.

"Your mother has gone to heaven, Maggie."

"My mother was good; I felt she was good; why did my father leave us?"

"You could not understand it now. He was rich and proud, and she was a poor girl, his mother's seamstress."

"No; I do not understand!" Simple-hearted child, prematurely wise as she had grown, she could not grasp at the distinctions of society, though she had suffered a grievous wrong through them. She lay quite still for a time, trying to comprehend other points of this strange revelation.

Presently, Mrs. Colburn felt the clasp of the child's arms tighten about her neck. Magdalene had never been lavish of caresses, even to her play-fellows, or her dumb pets and followers.

"You have been very good to me," she said, "all of you—and God will bless you, for it says so in the Bible. I would rather not hear any more; it makes my heart ache. One of these days, I am going to do a great deal for you, if I can, and you will always let me call you mother."

It was all the good woman's heart yearned to hear. She watched the child go softly back to her room, and kneel by the bed she had deserted, with a feeling of inexpressible relief that it was now all over, and her claim was still recognized.

There was henceforth a new but silent bond between the two; for, with a resolution strange in one so young, Magdalene "hid all these things, and pondered upon them in her heart."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RUINS OF SELINUNTUM, NOW CALLED SELINUNTE.

On the southern coast of Sicily, about ten miles to the east of Cape Granitola, and between the little rivers Maduni and Bilici (the Crimisus and Hypsa of ancient times,) a stupendous mass of ruins presents itself in the midst of a solitary and desolate country. These are the sad remains of the once splendid city of Selinus, or Selinuntum, which was founded by a Greek colony from Megara, more than 2400 years ago. When seen at a distance from the sea, they still look like a mighty city; but, on a near approach, nothing is seen but a confused heap of fallen edifices—a mixture of broken shafts, capitals, entablatures, and metopæ, with a few truncated columns erect among them. On landing at a sandy flat, which has gradually encroached upon and filled up the ancient haven or port, the traveller presently reaches a spot, called by the Sicilians "La Marinella," where are the stupendous ruins represented in our engraving. They seem to consist chiefly of the remains of three temples of the Doric order. One of these temples was naturally devoted by a maritime and trading people to Neptune; a second was dedicated for similar reasons to Castor and Pollux, the friends of navigation and the scourge of pirates; the destination of the third temple is uncertain. A curious popular corruption of a classical name has given a very familiar, if not laughable, designation to the place. The god Pollux is called in Italian *Polluce*; and by an application of his name, derived from the temple, the district was called "*Terra di Polluce*," the Land of Pollux. Out of this the Sicilians have made "*Terra di Pulci*;" literally, "The Land of Fleas"—a designation the place always goes by, and which (not to speak profanely) the neighborhood, in common with nearly all Sicily, is well entitled to. The size of the columns and the masses of stone that lie heaped about them is prodigious. The lower circumference of the columns is thirty-one and a-half feet; many of the stone blocks measure twenty-five feet in length, eight in height, and six in thickness. Twelve of the columns have fallen with singular regularity, the disjointed shaft pieces of each lying in a straight line with the base from which they fell, and having their several capitals at the other end of the line. If architects and antiquaries have not been mistaken in their difficult task of measuring among heaps of ruins, that in good part cover and conceal the exterior lines, the largest of the three temples was 334 feet long and 154 feet wide. These are prodigious and unusual dimensions for ancient edifices of the kind. That wonder of the old world, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, itself did not very much exceed these admeasurements. The great Selinuntian temple seems to have had porticoes of four columns in depth and eight in width, with a double row of sixteen columns on the lateral sides of the cella. It is somewhat singular, from having had all the columns of the first row on the east front fluted, while all the rest of the columns were quite plain. One of these fluted columns is erect and tolerably entire, with the exception of its capital. The fluting, moreover, is not in the Doric style; for each flute is separated by a fillet. The material of which this and the other edifices were formed is a species of fine-grained petrification, hard, and very sonorous on being struck with the hammer. It was hewn out of quarries near at hand, at a place called Campo Bello, where

many masses, only partially separated from the rock, and looking as if the excavation had been suddenly interrupted, are still seen.

A flight of ancient steps in tolerable preservation leads from the Marinella to the Acropolis, where the covert ways, gates, and walls, built of large squared stones, may still be traced all round the hill. A little to the west of the Acropolis is the small pestiferous lake Yhalici, partly choked up with sand. In ancient times this was called *Stagnum Gonusa*; and it is said the great philosopher, Empedocles, purified it, and made the air around it wholesome, by clearing a mouth towards the sea, and conveying a good stream of water through it. The Fountain of Diana, at a short distance, which supplied this stream, still pours forth a copious volume of excellent water; but it is allowed to run and stagnate over the plain, and now adds to the malaria created by the stagnant lake. The surrounding country is wholly uncultivated, and, where not a morass, is covered with underwood, dwarf palms, and myrtle-bushes of a prodigious growth. For six months in the year, Selinunte is a most unhealthy place; and though the stranger may visit it by day-time, without much danger of catching the infection, it seems scarcely possible to sleep there in summer, and escape the malaria fever in one of its worst forms. Of four English artists who tried the experiment in 1822, not one escaped; and Mr. Harris, a young architect of great promise, died in Sicily from the consequences. These gentlemen made a discovery of some importance. They dug up near one of the temples some sculptured metopæ, with figures in rilievo, of a singular primitive style, which seems to have more affinity with the Egyptian or the Etruscan, than with the Greek style of a later age. There are probably few Greek fragments of so ancient a date in so perfect a state of preservation. The government claimed these treasures, and caused them to be transported to Palermo; but Mr. Samuel Angel, an architect, and one of the party, took casts from them, which may now be seen in the Elgin Marble Gallery of the British Museum.

Selinuntum was taken during the Carthaginian wars in Sicily, and partly destroyed by the great Hannibal; but the city was restored, and was an important place long after that time. From the manner in which the columns and other fragments of the three stupendous temples lie, it is quite evident that they must have been thrown down by an earthquake; but the date of that calamity is not known.

The neighboring country is interesting, as having been the scene of many of the memorable events recorded by the ancient historians. A few miles to the west of the ruins, on the banks of a little river, that now, unless when swelled by the winter torrents, creeps gently into the sea, was fought, amidst thunder, lightning, and rain, one of the most celebrated battles of ancient times, in which the "immortal Timoleon," the liberator of Corinth, and the savior of Syracuse, gained a glorious victory

over the Carthaginian invaders. The events are preserved in popular traditions; and the names of Mago, Hamilcar, Hannibal, Agathocles, Dionysius, and Timoleon, are common in the mouths of the country people, though not unfrequently confused with one another, and subjected to the same laughable mutilation as the name of Pollux at Selinunte.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;—
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

MRS. HEWANS.

VIRTUE.

The sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierced at length
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke;
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit, and worthy skill,
Doth fail at length, and fall away.
There is no thing but time doth waste;
The heavens, the earth, consume at last.

But Virtue sits, triumphant still,
Upon the throne of glorious Fame;
Though spiteful Death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name
By life or death, whatso betides,
The state of Virtue never slides.

LADY SALE.

LADY SALE was the chief personage in one of England's aggressive wars in India. She was a heroine worthy of a better cause. The English were desirous to annex Afghanistan to their Oriental possessions. So, proceeding on their old maxim, "Divide and conquer," they took up the cause of Shah Shujah Oolmulk, a dethroned sovereign of Cabul, marched an army into the country, dethroned the reigning sovereign, Dost Mahommed, put Shah Shujah in his place; and then had the consummate folly to suppose that a spirited and patriotic nation would quietly submit to this treatment. Contrary to Lady Sale's judicious advice, the usurper was left without British troops, in the only strong place in Cabul; and the chief part of the invading force marched off, leaving the remainder with Lady Sale, at the mercy of the Afghans. The result was, their almost entire destruction. In the narrative which follows, the reader will learn how Lady Sale conducted, in circumstances of extreme difficulty and peril.

Lady Florentia Sale, *née* Wynch, was the wife of Lord Robert Sale, whom she married May 16th, 1809. She accompanied him to India, where she, herself, educated five daughters. Her position as an officer's wife, her known good sense, fortitude, presence of mind, and experience in military affairs, all combined to make her the object of honor and respectful consideration among the officers with whom she was brought in contact. In the year 1839, when the war in Afghanistan broke out, Lady Sale was with her husband at Cabul; he left her with a force of men, in order to quell the opposition the British troops were meeting in the provinces, and was dangerously wounded. It was impossible for Lady Sale then to join him, and she remained at Cabul, where, on the morning of November 2d, a general outbreak took place among the natives. Captain Sturt, Lady Sale's son-in-law, was stabbed in three places. He was brought to her house, where he and his wife had been guests, and tenderly nursed and cared for by both mother and daughter. Lady Sale, in this time of difficulty—for the whole province was in a state of rebellion—showed so much judgment and presence of mind, that Lord Wellington said, had Lady Sale been commander, the disasters which occurred would never have happened.

We do not wish, in this sketch of the life of Lady Sale, to enter into the particulars of the war; only referring to it, as the incidents in her life make it necessary.



LADY SALE.

Famine now began to add its miseries to the already great sufferings of the British forces at Cabul. Through all the terrible hardships of this time, Lady Sale remained calm and self-possessed, enduring privations cheerfully, keeping those around her hopeful by her calm, cheering words, writing with regularity in her journal, rejoicing that her husband, safe at Jellalabad, was there supporting the honor of the British name, and not sharing the disgrace hanging over the heads of the authorities at Cabul. She was obliged to resort to bribes and stratagems, to correspond with Lord Robert; but her letters were so interesting, and gave so exact an account of the state of affairs, that extracts were sent to the government and commander-in-chief, and afterwards published in the newspapers.

Offers were now made to the government at Cabul and Jellalabad, to march unmolested to the provinces, if they would consent to leave a considerable amount of treasure and ammunition in the hands of the enemy. The powers at Jellalabad indignantly rejected these offers, but the starving people at Cabul were obliged to accept them. They felt but little confidence in the promises of the chief; and indeed many

anonymous warnings were sent to them by the friendly natives, hinting at intended treachery. Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt were especially recommended to disguise themselves, by wearing sheep-skin pelisses over their turbans and habits, and to ride among the troopers.

It would make our sketch too long, to give a particular account of this disastrous retreat; every suffering, from cold, hunger, and the frequent skirmishes with the natives, was endured.

Captain Sturt lost his life in endeavoring to defend his friend, Major Thaire, from an attack of the Afghans. He died, after several hours of mortal agony, and was the only one of the many dead to whom Christian burial was given. Lady Sale suffered, at the same time, from a fall she received in her wrist.

Lady Sale and Mrs. Sturt were now left in the power of Akbar Khan, who promised that the ladies and married officers should receive from him honorable treatment, and a safe conduct to Peshawar. Accordingly, Lieutenant Mein, who was recovering from a severe wound, the ladies, and the married officers, escorted by some Afghan chiefs, went to a fort, the headquarters of Akbar Khan, and gave themselves up to his protection.

Three rooms were here given to them, "dark, dirty, and having no outlet, except the door." They were so crowded, that, in a room fourteen feet by ten, they were obliged to place Lady Sale, Mrs. Sturt, four other ladies, two gentlemen, and ten children. They had only the clothes upon their backs, and some days elapsed before they could even wash their faces. The meanest food was eaten with avidity. Still, amid all this loss, Lady Sale preserved her journal fastened to her waist, and nightly made her entries in it.

The sufferings of those they left to pursue their way were still more intolerable; and after unheard of sufferings, they were all massacred, except Dr. Brydon, who, severely wounded, arrived at Jellalabad to tell the fate of his comrades.

Although Akbar Khan persisted in terming those in his hands guests, they were in reality prisoners, and treated as such. He was not intentionally cruel to them, but allowed them no comforts. A short quotation from Lady Sale's letter, written months after, will serve to show this:

"It is true we have not common comforts; but what we denominate as such, are unknown to Afghan females; they always sleep on the floor, sit on the floor, etc., hardships to us.—It is true we have been taken about the country, exposed to heat, cold, rain, etc.; but so were their own women. It was, and is, very disagreeable; but still we are, *de facto*, prisoners, notwithstanding Akbar Khan persists in calling us honored guests; and, as captives, I say we are well treated. He has given us common coarse chintz, and coarse long-cloth, too, wherewith to clothe ourselves, (I must not say dress,) and making up these articles has given us occupation, increased by having to work with raw cotton, which we have to twist into thread for

ourselves. We suffer more from uncleanness than anything else."

Months passed wearily; though, after a time, Lady Sale was allowed to correspond with her husband, and receive some of the necessary clothing from him.

In April, General Elphinstone died. In July, Lady Sturt's little girl was born, and the earthquakes became so frequent that they were jotted down in Lady Sale's journal thus: "Earthquakes, as usual;" or, "Turned out of bed by a smart shock of an earthquake. Three continuous ones at breakfast."

Sir Robert Sale, meanwhile, held out bravely at Jellalabad. In April he received reinforcements from General Pollock. The position of the ladies and officers embarrassed the English greatly, as their lives were in danger if they chastised the Afghans for their treachery. In this trying time, Lady Sale fully supported her character as a soldier's brave wife. Cheering those around, even when thrown upon a sick bed by her own sufferings, she wrote thus:—"Now is the time to strike the blow; but I much dread dilly-dallying just because a handful of us are in Akbar's power. What are our lives compared with the honor of our country? Not that I am at all inclined to have my throat cut; on the contrary, I hope that I shall live to see the British flag once more triumphant in Afghanistan; and then I have no objection to the Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan being reinstated; only let us first show them that we can conquer them, and humble their treacherous chiefs in the dust."

But relief was coming to the prisoners. They were left in charge of Salek Mahommed, who was bought over by the English, and undertook to return the captives, in consideration of the sum of twenty thousand rupees. Being anxious for Akbar to think he had been forced to give up his charge, he wished an advance guard of Europeans to be formed, to escort the prisoners to their friends.

There was much hesitation when this was proposed, as the Europeans dreaded the consequences, should they be recaptured, bearing arms, apparently, against their former jailors. But Lady Sale exclaimed, "You had better give me a musket; I will lead the party."

After several narrow escapes from recapture, the party met Lord Robert, and the forces sent to meet them.

When, the war over, Lady Sale returned to England, she was astonished that people considered her a heroine. Her courage she called prudence; and, though her letters were the most valuable records of passing events, and her advice sought on momentous occasions, her ambition, she said, was "to knit socks for her grand-children," rather than interfere in public affairs.

Sir Robert Peel, in the House of Commons, thus speaks of her: "But I never should excuse myself, if, in mentioning the name of Sir Robert Sale, I did not record my admiration of the character of a woman who has shed lustre on her sex—Lady Sale, his wife. The names of

Sir Robert and Lady Sale will be familiar words with the people of this country. I hold in my hand a memorandum of events which occurred in the neighborhood of Cabul, from the 7th of November, written by Lady Sale; and a document more truly indicative of a high, a generous, a gallant spirit, I never read."

The Government settled a pension of £500

per annum upon her, and in 1844 she was elected a member of the United Service Institution.

After a short visit in England, Lady Sale returned with her husband to India. After the death of her husband, (December 18th, 1845,) she resided six or seven years there, when, her health failing, she went to Cape Town, where she expired July 6th, 1853.

EXTRACTS FROM THATCHER'S MILITARY JOURNAL.

"February, 1799.—Having continued to live under canvas tents most of the winter, we have suffered extremely from cold and storms. Our soldiers have been employed six or eight weeks in constructing log huts, which at length are completed; and both officers and soldiers are now under comfortable covering for the remainder of the winter. Log houses are constructed with the trunks of trees, cut into various lengths according to the size intended, and are firmly connected by notches cut at their extremities, in the manner of dove-tailing. The vacancies between the logs are filled in with plastering, consisting of mud and clay. The roof is formed of similar pieces of timber, and covered with hewn slabs. The chimney, situated at one end of the house, is made of similar, but smaller timbers, and both the inner and the outer side are covered with clay plaster, to defend the wood against the fire. The door and windows are formed by sawing away a part of the logs of a proper size, and move on wooden hinges. In this manner have our soldiers, without nails, and almost without tools, except the axe and saw, provided for their officers and for themselves, comfortable and convenient quarters, with little or no expense to the public. The huts are arranged in straight lines, forming a regular, uniform, compact village. The officers' huts are situated in front of the line, according to their rank, the kitchens in the rear, and the whole is similar in form to a tent encampment. The ground, for a considerable distance in front of the soldiers' line of huts, is cleared of wood, stumps, and rubbish, and is every morning swept clean, for the purpose of a parade ground and roll call of the respective regiments. The officers' huts are in general divided into two apartments, and are occupied by three or four officers, who compose one mess. Those for the soldiers have but one room, and contain ten or twelve men, with their cabins placed one above another against the walls, and filled with straw, and one blanket for each man. I now occupy a hut with our field officers, Colonel Gibson, Lieutenant-Colonel Brent, and Major Meriweather."

"4th.—The anniversary of our alliance with France was celebrated in proper style a few days since, near head-quarters, at Pluckemin. A splendid entertainment was given by General Knox, and the officers of artillery. General Washington and his lady, with the principal officers of the army and their ladies, and a con-

siderable number of respectable ladies and gentlemen of the State of New Jersey, formed the brilliant assembly. About 4 o'clock, sixteen cannon were discharged, and a company collected in a large public building to partake of an elegant dinner. In the evening, a very beautiful set of fire-works was exhibited, and the celebration was concluded by a splendid ball, opened by his Excellency, General Washington, having for his partner, the lady of General Knox."

"26th.—His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, has long been in the habit of inviting a certain number of officers to dine at his table every day. It is not to be supposed that his Excellency can be made acquainted with every officer by name, but the invitations are given through the medium of general orders, in which is mentioned the brigade from which the officer is expected. Yesterday I accompanied Major Cavil to head-quarters, and had the honor of being numbered among the guests at the table of his Excellency, with his lady, two young ladies from Virginia, the gentlemen who composed his family, and several other officers.

"It is natural to view, with keen attention, the countenance of an illustrious man, with a secret hope of discovering in his features some peculiar traces of excellence, which distinguishes him from, and elevates him above his fellow mortals. These expectations are realized in a peculiar manner in viewing the person of General Washington. His tall and noble stature, and just proportions; his fine, cheerful, open countenance; simple and modest deportment, are all calculated to interest every beholder in his favor, and to command veneration and respect. He is feared even when silent, and beloved even while we are unconscious of the motive. The table was elegantly furnished, and the provisions ample, but not abounding in superfluities. The civilities of the table were performed by Colonel Hamilton, and the other gentlemen of the family; the General and lady being seated at the side of the table. In conversation, his Excellency's expressive countenance is peculiarly pleasing and interesting; a placid smile is frequently observed on his lips, but a loud laugh, it is said, seldom, if ever escapes him. He is polite and attentive to each individual at table, and retires after the compliments of a few glasses. Mrs. Washington combines, in an uncommon degree, great dignity of manner with the most pleasing affability,

but possesses no striking marks of beauty. I learn from the Virginia officers, that Mrs. Washington has ever been honored as a lady of distinguished goodness, possessing all the virtues which adorn her sex; amiable in her temper and deportment; full of benignity, benevolence, and charity; seeking for objects of affliction and poverty, that she may extend to the sufferers the hand of kindness and relief. These surely are the attributes which reveal a heart replete with those virtues which are so appropriate and estimable in the female character."

"April 20th.—Five soldiers were conducted to the gallows according to their sentence, for the crime of desertion, and robbing the inhabitants. A detachment of troops, and a concourse of people formed a circle around the gallows, and the criminals were brought in a cart, sitting on their coffins, and halters about their necks. While in this awful situation, trembling on the verge of eternity, three of them received a pardon from the Commander-in-Chief, who is always tenderly disposed to spare the lives of his soldiers." P. G.

CHRISTMAS EVE AND CHRISTMAS MATINS.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

A little cottage stood in a dark pine wood. It was a wild December evening, and the snow fell in large flakes on the low roof, and on the forest around. Light, however, shone from its little window, and lighted up the pine trees which stretched forth their snow-laden branches towards the casement, and lit up the dismal wood outside, where the wolf sat and cried, hu, hu, hu!

The fire blazed merrily within the little, one-roomed cottage, and merrily curled the blue smoke as it rose from the chimney, and fire sparks danced about with the snow flakes which giddily tumbled down the chimney into the pan of meal porridge which stood and muttered over the fire, and thus they first tasted of the Christmas entertainment. For it was Christmas porridge which now stood and boiled on the hearth; and this was no other than Christmas eve, and at this very time, food was preparing for the whole of the holidays. It was not food for the rich man's table, of that you may be sure; it was only for a peasant woman, and she a widow, who, with her children, lived here. Nevertheless, she was about to celebrate Christmas in the best way she could, and that was not to be despised, either. She had bought for herself three pounds of meat, and this was now boiling famously with parsley and celery, and promising to make the most savory soup, together with some delicious cabbage for Christmas day. A piece of stook fish also was lying in its pan, and was all in an agitation, as if from delight of its own excellence.

On the table in the cottage there already stood the Christmas cake, and the Christmas goblin,* that wonderful beast which seems to say, "if you come here I will gore you with my long, long horn!"

And thus would the Christmas goblin stand through the whole of the Christmas holidays, and make a great show among the Christmas

meats, and then when this festival time was over, it would be laid, together with the Christmas cake, in a chest where it would repose until spring came, and the ploughing began, and then they would take it and chop it to pieces, because the Christmas goblin is a hard piece of clay, and give it to the beasts of burden, to the oxen and horses, which have to work in the fields, and which, it was believed, would derive from this Christmas cake and goblin, such strength, and such an inclination for labor, as nobody can believe. Hence there would be abundant crops in the barns, a deal of grist for the mill, and plenty of bread in the cupboard; and all this would be caused by the Christmas goblin—that wonderful beast!

Two children, a girl and a boy, jumped about the room, and could hardly contain their joy on account of Christmas eve, and the Christmas goblin, and the Christmas meats which were cooking on the hearth, which filled the whole room with their delicious odor, and on account of the Christmas matins, at which they were to be present with their mother. Brother Peter was to drive them in the sledge with Polle; the children had never yet been out to Christmas matins, and could not imagine what they were like, but they had heard that they were something very grand and beautiful, and they were quite sure that they were so, and moreover, that they were prodigiously amusing.

Peter, however, stood cutting firewood for baking, and thought to himself that they were not at all amusing. The mother stood just by the hearth, and busy. Why did she stand so close to the hearth, and turn her face from the happy children? The flames on the hearth saw why: they saw that her countenance was not happy, and that there were tears upon her cheeks. Why did she turn her face away from the children? Because she would not cast a shade on their happiness. She could not help it, however; she could not help thinking of her husband, who died two months before, and how happy she was last Christmas,

* The Christmas *kneze*, which, for lack of a better word, I translate *goblin*, does not represent an evil spirit, but is merely the rude figure of some domestic animal, covered with plaited or twisted straw.—M. H.

when he was alive, and how kind he was, and how he comforted her in his last moments, and said, that if it were necessary that either husband or wife must be removed by death, how much better it was that it should be the husband, because the wife could look after the children so much better than he could.

The wife, however, now felt her lot to be a very heavy one, and had many an anxiety for the future, and most of all on account of the eldest son, her stepson Peter, who hitherto had been out at service, but who had now come home, since the father's death, to help the mother in performing the village service.* And now, precisely this very evening, when the mother had resolved for the sake of the sacred time, and for the sake of the children, to put away all anxious thoughts, precisely now have they all come thick upon her, as thick and unceasing as the snow flakes, and when she shook them off, behold! there they were again the next moment, and made her heart so heavy—so very heavy! It was, as it were, under an evil spell.

But the children, little Erik and Maja, they could think about nothing that was gloomy.

"Nay, only look at the goblin, Maja! See how he glares at you with his big eyes! Take care! he will gore you if you only touch him. He says, 'if you come here I will run you through with my long, long horn!'"

"Nay, do you believe that he will gore me? do you really believe that he is alive? Ah, how good that meat smells! Will it soon be ready, mother? May we soon go to Cowslip, and tell her that it is Christmas eve, and look at the stars!"†

Yes, the supper was now quite ready. The mother lighted a candle in the lantern, and around the candle she put a grand paper star, which the candle lit up, and which, in its turn, lit up the candle. The children then took each their bread-cake, and the mother filled a jug of new brewed Christmas ale, and with the lantern in her hand, went out to the stable yard to let the creatures know that it was Christmas.

The demure Mrs. Cowslip, the cow, was thinking about nothing; she was standing in her stall, chewing her cud, as the door opened, and a light flashed into her eyes. She turned towards that side, and made a low moaning, in token that she recognized those who had entered, and that they were welcome. But when the children in their zeal sprang forward, and gave her pieces of their bread, and screamed into both her ears, "it is now Christmas, Cowslip!" she stepped hastily backwards, shook her head violently, and stared as if she would say, "Nay, but that is something out of the common way!" and looked quite confounded.

But as Cowslip was a very rational and intelligent cow, she soon collected her faculties, extended her nose, smelt at her bread, took it into her mouth, and chewed it with an excellent relish, supped up a good draught of Christmas ale, and appeared quite satisfied with Christmas. When the mother had strown her a bed of fresh straw, and given her an armful of the very best and finest hay from the rack, she said, "God keep thee now, my darling; thou now hast had Christmas eve!" At these words, Cowslip seemed rightly to comprehend the matter, and with a great fragrant look of hay in her mouth, she laid herself easily down again, that she might the better reflect, upon which she stared at the light, and had her own musings about the stars, which the children tried to make her observant of. But the only reply she made was by a gentle lowing. After that they carried the light to the stable, that it might shine upon Polle, and that they might give him a taste of Christmas bread, and announce to him that it was now Christmas.

Polle pointed his ears, and lifted his head; expanded his nostrils, and neighed with animation, as if he wished to make it known that he expected this intelligence, and that it was welcome to him.

The sheep bleated, and licked the hands that gave them their Christmas entertainment. It was so good, so very good!

As for the two little pigs, they were quite out of their senses when their turn came; they leaped about, screeched, and tumbled one over the other, so that nothing rational could be done with them. They were regularly crazy with joy.

After this the mother and her children returned to the cottage. The son, Peter, was also there. He was a tall youth of sixteen, with a dark and strongly marked countenance. The mother cast an anxious glance upon him. Since she had come into the family, she had had a deal of trouble with his obstinate and discontented temper, which appeared to have become worse since his father's death.

And this evening, when the mother had desired him to chop wood for Christmas, he had replied, "I must do every thing!" and, as he went out, he banged the door with such violence, that the earthenware cups and dishes upon the shelf jingled and shook a long time afterwards. That answer grieved the mother, who well knew, that she never spared herself, and never required much from him.

He now sat down with his arms propped on the table, and never seemed to observe that the mother was setting out the supper and that she had done every thing so well.

But when they were all seated at the table, and the mother had poured out the Christmas ale, the little ones glanced at each other, and then at their mother with a roguish look that seemed to say, "now it is coming!"

And with that the mother lifted her glass, and the little ones their wooden mugs, and all three at once exclaimed:

"Your health, Peter!"

* The *torpare*, or cottager of Sweden, is bound to do a certain quantity of work for his landlord, in return for the small portion of land which he holds from him.—M. H.

† These are Swedish peasant customs; they tell the cows and other animals, that Christmas is come, and passing a light before their eyes, etc., as they fancy, the star which indicated the house in which the Saviour lay.—M. H.

Peter looked up, and seemed almost as much astonished as Cowslip herself, when they told her that it was Christmas.

"And all happiness to you on your birthday, for upon this evening you were born!" added the mother.

To which Peter replied with a look of displeasure, "That is nothing to drink one's health about, or to wish one luck about, either! It would have been better to have been unborn!"

"That is a sinful word, my son," replied the mother, severely. When God gives health and strength to bear, to strive, and to work——"

"Nay, but why must one strive and work?" interrupted Peter.

"My dear lad, what questions you ask!" said the mother, "must not people live?"

"And why must they live?" asked Peter again.

The mother could not instantly find an answer to this question; it distressed her; but the lad often made use of such expressions as left a great weight upon her mind; and as she was now silent, Peter continued:

"When one has neither father nor mother, nor any in the world to live for, it would be just as well if one were dead; then one should be rid of all one's trouble."

"Am I not your mother, Peter?" said the mother, and tears started to her eyes.

"You are only my step-mother!" said Peter, immovably, and rose up from the table.

This wounded the mother more than any thing else, because she knew in her own mind, that her heart had always been full of tenderness and maternal affection towards her stepson, and that she did not deserve this unkindness from him.

But she could not say anything now, nor look vexed, because it was Christmas eve.

The little ones did not understand what was amiss with their brother. Their mouths were waiting for the good soup, and they could not imagine that any one could be better off than they were. When the mother saw that their appetites were somewhat appeased, she proposed that they should put aside a portion of their supper for old Alle, in the poor-house, which delighted them, and therefore the mother tied up a part of their meat and of their bread-cakes in a clean blue handkerchief, and set it on a shelf till the next morning, when they should take it with them, when they went out for Christmas matins. Peter, however, contributed nothing; his countenance was sullen, and before long he rose from the table, and went to bed without saying "good night."

The little ones, also, soon lay side by side, on a large sheaf of golden straw, which they had brought in for Christmas, because, according to popular belief, people must both sleep and dance upon straw at Christmas, if they would do right.

The children did not undress themselves, that they might be ready all the sooner next morning, when they would be called for the Christmas matins. Each took a white handkerchief, which they laid under their heads, and thus

fell asleep, side by side, while the firelight flickered upon them, and kissed their very cheeks, which shone out quite beautifully upon the golden-colored wheat straw.

Last of all, the mother also went to bed, but not until she had set every thing in order in the room, and washed up the dishes.

But though she now lay in bed, she could not sleep, because she had uneasy thoughts, and she heard how Peter turned and seemed uneasy in his bed, as if he could not sleep either. At one time, she thought that he wept, and she considered with herself, "should I now get up and go to him, and give him a quiet kiss, he would then, perhaps, understand that I love him, although I am not his real mother; and more particularly, as it is Christmas eve, and every body ought to part friends."

Presently, Peter seemed to be quite still, and then she thought, "he is gone to sleep, and I should only disturb him." She therefore lay quiet herself, and turned her thoughts to God, and prayed him to change the unhappy temper of the youth. She prayed for a blessing on him, and on the beloved little ones. With that, she turned round to look at them, and to see how the firelight flickered over, and kissed their rosy countenances, for the fire burned in the hearth through the Christmas night. And then she thought about all the animals, how they had their Christmas provender, and how comfortable they were; and the thoughts of them did her good, and whilst she was thinking of them, and gazing at her little ones by the firelight, she went to sleep herself.

When she again woke, it was pitch-dark in the room, and quite cold; and she felt a great weight on her heart, and in her head also. It was as if a large, heavy tear had collected, and could not find vent, but lay there as heavy as lead. She thought upon the death of her husband, upon the bitter temper of her son, and how solitary she herself was in the world; and then Peter's words occurred to her, "why should people live?" and she felt as if she would gladly not rise, but be quiet forever.

Spite of all this, however, she rose, and lighted the fire as usual, and set on the coffee, for although she was not one of those extravagant women who drink coffee every day, yet now at Christmas time, every body must have coffee; the whole household must drink coffee; that was a matter of course.

She then lighted the candle in the Christmas-tree by the window, which she had made ready the evening before, for the children, and that done, she woke them.

"Christmas matins, children! Christmas matins!"

The little ones started up, quite bewildered; rubbed their eyes, opened them with an effort, saw the light burning in the pine tree, and then it came to their remembrance that it was Christmas, and that they were going to morning service. And with that they leapt up, and were quite wakeful.

They all drank their coffee, Peter as well as the rest, and then Peter, who, as usual, was

silent and out of humor, went to put Polle in the sledge.

When the mother came out of the cottage, dressed in her holiday attire, with her hymn book in her hand, and two little ones at her side, she saw the moon and the morning star, standing brightly above the pine wood, and shining beautifully in the frosty early morning, and upon the new-fallen snow. The sight did her heart good.

"How beautifully," thought she, "after all, has God made every thing for mankind." She inhaled the fresh, cold, but not very cold, winter air, and felt her spirits enlivened by so doing.

Polle was in the most cheerful humor. He neighed, and pointed his ears, and tossed his handsome head, and pawed the sward with his foot, and was quite impatient to be off.

Before long, the widow sate with her two little ones in the sledge, and Peter stood between them and drove. Polle's bells jingled merrily as they sped along through wood and meadow; the morning star shone upon the white, snowy fields, and the grim wood. It was a beautiful and a cheering sight.

The little ones were full of talk.

"Nay, look!—nay, look. There's a light burning at Storgal, a light in her opposite window! And look! old Britta on the hill has got a light too! And look there, a long, long way off in the wood, there shines a light! And look, look! Nay, that is the very best of all,—those candles in the window at the gate-house. See, it is lighted the whole way! Nay, how grand it is! Is it ever grander than this at Christmas matins, mother?"

"You are two little simpletons!" said the mother. "Christmas matins are grander in another way."

By this time there were a great many other people on the road, both driving and walking, on their way to church. There was quite a procession of sledges, and such a jingling of bells as was delightful to hear, and the children had enough to do to listen and to ask questions.

They had by this time arrived at an open tract of country, and just before them, with its spire pointing towards heaven, and the dark green wood behind it, stood the church with lights streaming from every window, as if within were a sea of light. And at that very moment the church bells began to ring.

The children were hushed into silence. They felt a solemnity come over them. They did not exactly know how they felt.

They soon dismounted. The church-bells rung, and light streamed out of the church, but all around it was dark and night-like. Along the whole extent of the church walls on every side, sledges were drawn up close together, the horses in which were eating hay. Among these a place was found for Polle; a covering was thrown over him, and between him and the church wall was laid a good bundle of the very best hay—real Christmas provender. Of this he ate; any body might have heard how excellent he thought it.

The widow and the children walked across the church yard.

"Do you remember, children," said she to them, "what I told you about the Christmas matins, and what they mean?"

"They mean," stammered Erik, "they mean that—that God who—who"—"Who," interrupted the mother, "since the beginning of the world sent teachers and wise men to mankind to—to,—now Erik!"

"To teach them his will," said Erik.

"Yes, right," continued the mother; "and last of all, he came himself down to them, and condescended to be born on earth—"

"Yes, as a little child!" exclaimed Maja.

"Yes," answered the mother, "that he might pass through life with them as a brother, and might teach them rightly to understand his disposition, and how kind he meant by us all. And that is he whom we call the Son of God, our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"And it is his birth which we celebrate in the Christmas matins," exclaimed Erik, now very certain of his subject.

With these words they entered the church, and all the congregation sang,

"Hail to the glorious morning hour!"

The children, however, could not think about singing. They could do nothing but stare about them and wonder. There was so much light! They could scarcely see for light. All the four grand chandeliers hung down from the roof blazing with lights. Upon the altar lights were burning in tall candlesticks. Upon the pulpit stood lights, and gilded branches extended from the walls, holding clusters of lights, and a light burned by every branch, so that the great aisle was like an alley of flame. Whichever way they looked, they saw light, light, light!

The benches were crammed full of people. Head was close to head. The children had never seen so many people together before, and they thought they should never find seats. At last, however, they did, on a bench where the people kindly made room for them. A respectable old woman took Maja on her knee, and the mother took Erik on hers. And thus they all were seated.

The children looked about incessantly, and stared at all the grandeur and splendor around them. But the mother soon forgot every outward object, for just then she opened her hymn-book, to join in singing the following verse of the hymn:

"His tears, like ours, will fall as rain,
A mourner, he will us sustain
With strength from heaven imparted;
He will make known his Father's will,
And mercy's holy balm instil
To soothe the broken-hearted."

With this the heavy leaden weight seemed to melt away from her soul, and her tears began to flow more easily. She felt at once such a lightness and such a strength within her, that it seemed as if from this time nothing would be too heavy for her to bear.

The clergyman now ascended the pulpit, and

what a sermon he preached! The widow had never heard any one speak in that way before. It seemed to her as if he spoke to her out of the warmth of her own innermost heart. And every single word seemed like a true word of God, so full of beauty and grandeur was it. To her it seemed as if the whole world, and the whole of life became bright through it. It was as if it were Christmas matins within her soul.

And when she looked at Peter, she saw that he also listened attentively, with his eyes riveted upon the preacher; and from this, she hoped for a good result, more especially, as with the new year Peter was to begin to read with this same clergyman, preparatory to his confirmation.

When the service was ended, it was full daylight; and the congregation streamed hastily out. Before long, people might be seen on all sides, walking briskly along, driving on the road, or ascending the hill, striving who should first reach home; for, according to popular belief, they who arrive first at home on Christmas morning, will have their harvest first housed in the autumn. Though what connexions there are between these things, I know not.

The widow and her children went into the poor house, and the children themselves gave old Alle the meat and the bread, which they had saved for him. For this they received the old man's blessing, and they felt, therefore, greatly pleased at what they had done.

In the meantime, Peter had been getting Polle and the sledge ready. Thus they drove home, thinking by the way of the delicious warm cabbage which they should have for dinner, for they all felt hungry and cold.

And how excellent were the meat and the cabbage which they had for dinner, it is not in my power to describe; this only is certain, that the king's cabbage could not have tasted better to him than theirs did to them.

In the afternoon they had also a cup of coffee, with cabbage, in honor of Christmas day, and that, too, tasted most excellently, and every body was very cheerful, the widow as well as the rest; for she saw that the countenance of her elder son sad undergone a change.

In the twilight, when they all sat together, warm and comfortable, and when the fire blazed merrily on the hearth, and lighted up the whole cottage, the mother said,

"Now, I wonder whether either of my little ones can remember any thing of what the clergyman said in the morning about the Saviour, and what he taught to mankind?"

But, ah me! The poor little ones remembered nothing, not a word; had understood not a word—nay, had not even heard a syllable!

"There was such a deal of light!" they said.

"But you, Peter," said the mother, and looked at him with confidence, "I am certain that you can help me to recollect something of what the pastor said—you can remember it, certainly."

"O, yes," said Peter, and his eyes brightened, and, added he, after a moment, "I now know how people should live."

"Yes, and why?" said the mother looking kindly at her son, and wishing to try him.

"That they may follow after the Saviour, and labor for the world's redemption," said Peter, and raised his head, "and high and low, and rich and poor, can alike labor in this good work on earth."

"And how must that be done?" inquired the mother, as before.

"By becoming better, more God-fearing, more righteous men."

"Yes, my son," exclaimed the mother, joyfully, "so did I also understand the words of the clergyman. By becoming so, by living in Christ, we help not only to extend God's kingdom on earth, but become also his laborers in the creation of a new heaven and a new earth, where bliss shall abide forever. This is a great saying, my son, and can make the heart beat high and free even in a mean hut. And this have I known and believed from my youth upwards. But I have never heard it put rightly into words until to-day."

Peter was affected to tears; he extended his hand to his mother, and said with deep feeling, "Mother, forgive me that I have caused you sorrow! From this time it shall be otherwise!"

And from that time it did become otherwise with Peter; not that he ever became very communicative, or of a very cheerful temper, but he became very industrious, and very desirous of doing right, and every body grew fond of him.

It was evident now, that Peter began to take pleasure in life; at least, he never looked sour or sullen. His whole appearance was changed; nay, it often looked as if something shone within him, and so said his little brother and sister.

"Now it is Christmas matins with Peter," they would say.

Many Christmas matins have since kindled their lights; many a hard Christmas goblin has looked savage upon the Christmas board; has since then been shut up in a chest—thence brought out again to give strength to the beasts at plough. Yes, many a Christmas has, since that Christmas morning, come and gone; but the light that then was kindled for the mother, has never been extinguished.

Peter now lives as a peasant in Storgal, and his mother lives with him, and he likes to tell his friends what a sluggish and hard-tempered lad he was, and about the Christmas matins which produced such a change on him, and how, since then, he has had light, and strength, and pleasure in all his work, and how every thing prospers in his hands.

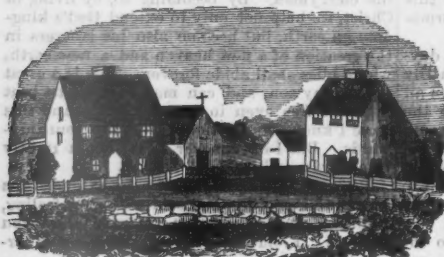
Thus Peter celebrates every Christmas eve as his mother taught him. At Christmas matins he may be seen before any one else; and as for the Christmas goblin, he never forgets that!

A quiet exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving for them no room to grow.

SOUVENIRS OF HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

NO IV.—THE ADAMSES.—[CONCLUDED.]

The family of John Adams, and his son, John Quincy Adams, was settled at Braintree, Massachusetts, in a part of the town which was set off from the old town under the name of Quincy. Here are still standing the old dwellings, popularly called the "Adams houses," in which respectively the father and son were born.

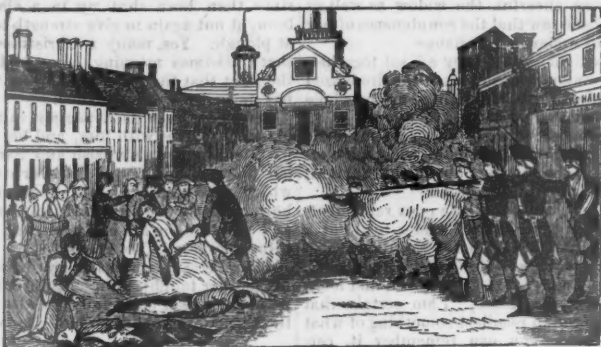


THE ADAMS HOUSES.

In one of these houses the illustrious John Adams was born on the 19th of October, 1735, thirteen years after the birth of Samuel Adams. John Adams was pre-eminently a national statesman.

His fame is not associated with brilliant oratorical displays, or with critical triumphs in party conflict. His qualities were those of the accomplished man of business, but they came forth at a time, and under conditions that made business capacities of the most momentous importance to his own countrymen, and to mankind at large. The United States are the sole great exception to the saying of Burke, that "constitutions are not made, they grow." That

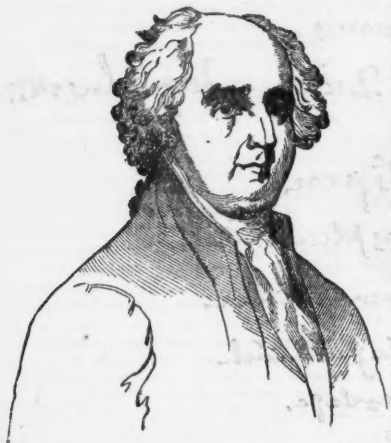
a constitution was framed for the States, on principles which have attested their soundness for the place and occasion by their durability, is mainly to be attributed to the sagacity of Adams, and especially to his thoroughly English capacity to turn existing institutions and habits to the new conditions of the people, instead of inventing untried novelties. Hence, his friend and rival, Jefferson, called him "the column of Congress, the pillar of support to the Declaration of Independence, and its ablest advocate and defender."—Having studied at Cambridge, Massachusetts, he joined the Suffolk bar in 1759, and practised in Quincy. He married, in 1764, Abigail Smith, a woman of great ability, and high patriotic aspirations, who brought to him the influential local connection of the Quincy family, to which she was related. Adams dated his expectation of the coming revolution, and his preparation to participate in the reorganization of government in British America, to what he observed in 1761, when the question of the legality of writs of assistance under the English exchequer system, against the Boston merchants was tried. His first open advocacy of colonial independence, was in the support of the application of the Boston citizens to have the courts of law reopened, when they had been closed on the ground that their proceedings were informal without the use of that cargo of stamps which had been forcibly detained by the citizens. He showed his thorough independence, and brought on himself considerable odium by becoming counsel for the soldiers charged with murder for shooting citizens of Boston, an event famous in history as the "Boston Massacre."



THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

In 1774, when Gage dissolved the Assembly, before separation, were appointed to meet with of Massachusetts, he was one of the five, who, other committees of Washington, and he was

thus instrumental in the construction of Congress. On the 6th of May, 1776, he took the first step in the Declaration of Independence, by a prominent motion "to adopt such a government as would, in the opinion of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents, and of America." He was one of the committee for preparing the celebrated Declaration. He had, in the meantime, organized the system which gave its war-service to the United States,



JOHN ADAMS.

and had been chiefly instrumental in putting the army into the hands of Washington. By his management of the committee of correspondence, he organized another great branch of service, that of the foreign department. He was one of the commissioners appointed to treat with France and Holland, and afterwards was sent to negotiate the treaty with Britain. In 1789, he became Vice President, and on the retirement of Washington, in 1797, he was chosen President of the United States, remaining in office for one period of four years. He was nearly all his life more or less concerned in public business, and lived to a good old age. The juncture of his death was remarkable: it occurred in 1826, on the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Before breathing his last, he made the remark, "Jefferson survives;" but it was not so—Jefferson had died at an earlier hour on the same day.

John Quincy Adams, whose splendid political career comes down to our own times, was born on the 11th of July, 1767. He received his name of Quincy, from his maternal grandfather, an influential citizen of the colony, who died just as his celebrated grandchild was born. Adams was cradled in the revolution, and when but nine years old, heard the first reading of the Declaration of Independence, from the

old State House in Boston. He accompanied his father in his missions to France and Holland, and there acquired the knowledge of foreign languages and countries, and the wide systematic views which made him invaluable to a country in which such qualifications were necessarily rare. He took a degree at Harvard, with high distinction, in 1787. In 1791, under the signature of "Publicola," he suggested some grave doubts about the soundness of the principles actuating the French revolutionists, very remarkable as the production of a republican pen. In 1803, he was sent from the state of Massachusetts, as representative to the Senate in Congress, and sat until 1808. He had been, for a short time, professor of rhetoric in Harvard, when, in 1809, he was appointed representative of the States at the court of Russia, and began his brilliant and multifarious diplomatic career. In London, he completed the negotiations for the conclusion of the second British American war. He was called home, in 1817, to serve in the cabinet of President Monroe. On the election of a President in 1825, the name of Adams was returned with those of Jackson, Crawford, and Clay; but as there was not, for any one candidate the majority of electoral votes required by the constitution, the selection fell into the hands of the representatives, who chose Adams.



JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

His administration, which lasted only four years, will be gratefully remembered by scholars, for his efforts in the cause of science. Of its political character, and of the strong opposition it met with, this is not the place to speak. Immediately after its termination, he was elected a member of the National House of Representatives, by the citizens of the congressional district, in which he resided, and was retained in this office until his death. His career as a member of Congress was more re-

markable than any portion of his previous life. His defence of the right of petition was conducted amidst a storm of obloquy, such as could have been successfully met and vanquished by no other man living. It required all the weight of his character, and all the prestige of his age, and great public services, to carry him through the contest. His success secured him the reverence of all parties, and ever after, when he rose to address the chair,

the whole house was hushed into breathless silence, and every sentence he uttered, was regarded as the dictate of matured wisdom and experience. His death was scarcely less remarkable than that of his father. Like the elder Pitt, he fell at his post in the hall of legislation, and unlike him, he yielded up his last breath in one of the chambers of the capitol. He died on the 23d of February, 1848.

John Quincy Adams.

Quincy - Massachusetts.

In days of yore the Poets pen
From every of bark was plucked;

Purchase a goose, but show art then -

From fowls once eagle found such

But now metallic pens dislodge,

Where the Poets numbers

In Iron Stylus their Glens

Or with the Minitard Plumbings

Hair densed! could my pen impart

In prose or lofty Rhime

The pure effusions of my heart

To speak the flight of time

What natch from the world of earth

Could with intrinsic heart

To sample with corresponding matter

The elegiac the grandest share

For Mrs. Pagon of Exeter's Vale

Washington Feb 18th 1848.

In days of yore, the Poet's pen
From wing of bird was plundered;
Perchance a goose; but now and then
From Jove's own eagle sundered
But now, metallic pens disclose,
Alone, the Poet's numbers—
In iron inspiration glows,
Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair damsel! could my pen impart,
In prose or lofty rhyme,
The pure effusions of my heart
To speed the flight of time,
What metal from the womb of earth
Could worth intrinsic bear,
To stamp, with corresponding worth,
The blessings thou shouldst share?

For Mrs. LYON, of Lyonsdale.

Washington, Feb. 18th, 1848.

The poem here quoted, was a favorite of the veteran statesman, and adorns the albums of many persons who pressed him for autographs. It shows the eagerness and avidity that was

evinced to possess themselves of the commonest trifle that fell from the pen of this extraordinary man—to retain a single link of the golden chain of his splendid being.

The chief interest appertaining to this poem, is the probability that it is the last copy he ever wrote, as it is dated a few days previous to his death.

"This is the end of earth; I am content," was the exclamation, as the last wave of life swept over his sinking spirit. The long days of toil, and feverish nights of thought, had weakened the might of the soul. Fame gilded his days with immortal splendor to their close. The stream on which he passed to the spiritual world, was calm and tranquil as the first aspect of the awakened sky; for every sense by which the world's joys are tasted were gratified—the thread of his destiny was fully spun—and the wisdom of ambition lengthened by the line of early hopes. The drama which he undertook to perform, was wound up in a finished plan of complete and demonstrative greatness.

PEBBLES FROM PURLING STREAMS.

GATHERED BY A WANDERER BESIDE THE WAVES OF PARNASSUS.

"These moments speed them all too soon,
These recreative spells of pleasure,
When the pent heart-floods play and leap,
Like streamlets down a mountain's steep,
And on their course our feelings keep,
Unheeding courtly pleasure."—JONES.

"My heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken."

"His only teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry skies—
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

"None is poor but the mean in mind,
The timorous, the weak, the unbelieving!
None is wealthy but the affluent in spirit
Who is satisfied, and floweth over!"—TUPPER.

"The fear of tyrant custom, and the fear
Lest fops should censure us, and fools should sneer."
—COWPER.

"He roamed the wide world, yearning
For scenes and objects new;
Behold him home returning—
He finds the old more true!"

"What tho' no rule of courtly grace,
To measured mood had trained her face;
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower brushed the dew."

"Be calm! What tho' the tempest roar;
It may but thunder, and pass o'er."—SCOTT.

"Sweet and melancholy sounds,
Like music on the waters."—LONGFELLOW.

"The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine."—BURNS.

"She was not young or beautiful,
But worn by wordly care,
Like her who washed the Saviour's feet,
And wiped them with her hair."—STODDARD.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He cuts the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."
—LONGFELLOW.

"Can you forget me? My whole soul was blended,
At least it sought to blend itself, with thine;
My life's whole purpose winning thee seemed ended—
Thou wert my heart's sweet home, my spirit's shrine."

"Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
Sweet every herb is growing,
To him whose willing heart inclines
The way that he is going."

"The world may never know, dear heart,
What I have found in thee;
But tho' naught to the world, dear heart,
Thou'rt all the world to me."

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

"And some can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those who cannot sing,
But die with all their music in them."

"Then list to the song I am singing;
'T will soften your bosoms of stone;
For now, tho' my harp-strings are ringing,
To-morrow may silence their tone."

Dew-drop Dale.

GOITRES AND CRETINS.

Allusion has been made to the disorders which grievously prevail in some parts of Switzerland, and which have led persons, so afflicted, to be denominated respectively *goitres* and *cretins*.—The former are persons who have a swelling of the upper and fore-part of the neck, often of an enormous size. The word *goitre* has been regarded as probably a corruption of *gutta*, the throat, and the disease produces an enlargement of the thyroid gland. The same term is applied to the glandular swelling, to the disease which occasions it, and to the individual sufferer. There is a somewhat similar disorder in some parts of Derbyshire, England, which is there called the "Derbyshire neck." In its early stages the sight of it is painfully offensive, but it ultimately attains a hideous deformity.

Cretins are idiots, sometimes afflicted to a most deplorable extent. Many of these are at the same time goitres, but many have goitres without being deficient in intellect. Some cretins are able to walk about, to attend to easy labor, and to make themselves intelligible to others. Others cannot articulate distinct sounds, but utter a whining, or a cry, or else burst out into a vacant laugh. In such circumstances, they are as helpless as infants; being either carried about in arms, or are left, like brutes, to roll or crawl on the floor. In their lowest and most afflicted state, all the instincts and feelings of cretins are purely animal; they are incapable of affection, or even of recognizing the persons who are with them.

The existence of cretins and goitres in the same country, or in the same district of a country, naturally leads to the inquiry, whether or not they are attributable to similar causes.—Saussure, so deservedly eminent as a man of science, is worthy of honorable mention in the cause of philanthropy; for, when in Switzerland, examining with enthusiasm the phenomena of its mountains, he devoted no little attention to this very question.

In reference to it, Coxe subsequently observed: "The same causes which generate goitres, probably operate in the case of idiots; for, wherever goitres prevail to a considerable degree, idiots invariably abound; such is the nice and inexplicable connexion between our bodies and our minds, that the one ever sympathises with the other; and it is by no means an ill-grounded conjecture, that the same causes which affect the body should also affect the mind; or, in other words, the waters which created obstructions and goitres, should also occasion mental imbecility.

"Although these idiots are frequently the children of goitrous parents, and have usually those swellings themselves, yet they are sometimes the offspring even of healthy parents, whose other children are properly organised, and are themselves free from guttural excrecences. I observed several children, scarcely ten years old, with very large goitres. These

tumors, when they increase to a considerable magnitude, check perspiration, and render those who are afflicted with them exceedingly indolent and languid."

Coxe here alludes to the supposed agency of water in producing these diseases. But on this point diverse opinions are entertained.—Many persons have attributed goitre to the use of snow-water as drink; but the disease occurs where there is no snow, as in Sumatra, and in several parts of South America. Still further, the Swiss who drink snow-water are free from the disease, while those who use hard spring-water are the greatest sufferers from it. Captain Franklin remarked, during one of his Arctic voyages, that several persons who drank river-water were attacked with the disease, while those who drank snow-water escaped.—Even in Geneva it was observed that those who drank hard spring-water were most liable to goitre.

Cretins are not so widely spread as goitres, being confined to the villages and hamlets of the Lower Valais, among the Alps, and of the Val d'Aosta, in Piedmont. In the latter place, the women wear black or white caps, fastened under the chin, for the purpose of concealing the goitres, which most of them have; and many of them are likewise cretins. "In the valley of Ollomont, as at Aosta," says Professor Forbes, "the enjoyment of natural beauty is rendered impossible by the loathsome deformity of the inhabitants; we were really shocked to find that none of the villages through which we passed seemed to contain one reasonable human being;—goitres and cretinism appeared universal and inseparable. Repeatedly I tried to obtain an answer to a simple question, from the most rational-looking of the inhabitants, but in vain. This astonished and shocked us, for we were still at a height of 4000 English feet above the sea, where these maladies commonly disappear; and we looked forward with despair to the prospect of obtaining a guide for the difficult and unknown country which we were next to traverse, from amongst such a population.—But in this, as in very many similar cases, first appearances are not to be interpreted to the letter." On further inquiry, it was found that "the effective population" were mostly absent in attendance on a fete at the chief place of the district, and that "others were with their herds in the mountains."

The cretins seem to prevail on the immediate borders, both Italian and Swiss, of the Alps, and to be rare in the more northern parts of Switzerland. It may seem strange, but it is no less true, that "we of England have not only idiocy and goitre to an uncredited extent, but we have among us cretinism in its genuine and most typical forms,—just as truly as they have it in the Alps and the Andes. We have it not only in this geological locality or in that, but more or less diffused everywhere; in the high

and goitrous levels of the mountain limestone districts of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, in Somersetshire, in Hertfordshire, in London, and in our towns—the towns where disease is endemic, and the towns where sanitary reform has become a principle.”*

It is pleasing to turn from these afflictive facts, to the considerations of any means for their diminution. Thus, iodine was found, not many years ago, to be a most valuable remedy for goitre. Iodine is one of the ingredients in sea weed, and also in sponge; and as burnt sponge was one of the remedies employed for goitre, it occurred to an eminent physician of Geneva, that it might possibly be by virtue of the iodine which it contained, that sponge was valuable. Actuated by this idea, he administered iodine by itself, and that with the happiest results.—English and foreign physicians have followed in his steps, and that with great success.

Other means have, happily, been adopted to alleviate these great evils. More than fifty years ago, Fodere and Wenzel clearly pointed out the advantages likely to result from the removal of the cretins out of their steamy dens, and causing them to breathe a more salubrious air; and this change was still further urged by Reeves in 1809. But an effort of singular intelligence, and of the highest philanthropy, has more recently been made by Dr. Guggenbuhl, a native of Meilen, in the canton of Zurich.

It was in the course of a tour amongst the High Alps, made in 1836, that Dr. Guggenbuhl first became specially interested in the cretins. Passing one day near a crucifix, such as are planted in almost all the villages of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, he saw an old and very degraded cretin pause in his faltering walk, and mutter a something which was meant for a prayer. Struck by the singularity of the action, he reflected on the spark of intelligence that must have lain dormant in this poor old creature, as well as on the perception on his part, of a Being to whom prayer was to be made, and in a particular place. “There is, then, an immortal soul buried there,” said he, “and I will dedicate my life to the deliverance of such.” He saw and felt deeply for their wretchedness; he resolved to study their condition minutely, and for this purpose gave himself wholly to their service, and lived two years amongst them, in the small and retired village of Sernf, in the canton Glarus. After this, he made another journey through one of the most mountainous regions of Switzerland, the result of which was, that the subject took still stronger possession of his mind, and the idea weighed more and more heavily upon him, that this numerous and degraded class of beings who filled the valleys, were left to sink deeper in their misery, without one effort being made to help them. Dr. Guggenbuhl now brought the subject before the Swiss Association for the Advancement of Science, and requested its countenance and aid, in his purpose of forming an institution for the treatment of cretinism. His

request was granted, and he received from the Cantonal Government of Berne, in consequence of the representations in favor of his schemes made by the Association, the sum of 600 Swiss francs, wherewith to make a commencement of his undertaking.

In 1840, the *hospice* of the Abendberg was opened for the reception of patients. A very few entered at first; but the results were speedily so encouraging, that after only two months’ trial of his plans, Dr. Guggenbuhl resolved to dedicate his life and all his powers to the work, and, regardless of all difficulties, to strive to realise the wish which, day and night, was the continued subject of his thoughts. From such a spirit, animated doubtless, by true Christian principles, great things were to be expected; and hitherto the philanthropic physician has been enabled to persevere most steadily, amidst frequent discouragements, in the self-denying and almost herculean task which he set for himself. How much patience, how much pure benevolence, how much faith, how much zeal, are required for the laborious occupations of the Abendberg, can be conceived of only by those who have had personal experience of intercourse with their fellow-creatures in the lowest phases of poverty, disease, and ignorance.

It is not far from the summit of the Abendberg, on an open space of grass land, that Dr. Guggenbuhl’s cottages are situated. It is in summer a lovely spot. The views of the neighboring Alps, the Monch, the Eigher, and the Jungfrau, the lake of Brienz, and of the celebrated green valley of Interlachen, are magnificent. The combination of beauty and grandeur in the scene is almost unrivalled. The effect of it on the opening minds of the young patients is, doubtless, highly favorable, to their development. There are here excellent and abundant springs, and the soil is so productive, and the temperature so high, that ordinary esculent vegetables, and even grain and maize, grow and ripen well. Poultry and goats also are reared; so that the little colony is almost self-supporting. The winter’s cold is not so great, nor the fall of snow so deep on the summit of the Abendberg, as in most other parts of the Alps at the same elevation.”

Dr. Guggenbuhl divides the cretins into four classes:—

“1. THE ATROPHIED CRETINS.—Those whose bodies are much emaciated, and their extremities paralyzed. In these he believes that the spinal marrow is chiefly affected.

“2. THE RICKETY CRETINS.—Those whose bones are soft, and have their limbs bent in consequence.

“3. THE HYDROCEPHALIC CRETINS.—Those who are affected with chronic water-in-the-head.

“4. THE CRETINS DISEASED FROM BIRTH.—In these, some of the worst symptoms appear; and they prove the most intractable. Nevertheless, it is remarked, that where the goitre exists at birth, the brain is less affected than in other cases. Individuals are to be found in whose persons all these conditions exist together; and others there are who present various combina-

* *Athenæum*, March 26, 1855.

tions of the symptoms; but in all the classes goitres are frequently seen. The manifestations of the mental powers and moral feelings vary much in all the classes, and correspond pretty exactly with the greater or less activity of the organs of the senses."

The following is an outline of the treatment pursued:—Removed to the Abendberg as soon as possible after being weaned, the children are committed to the immediate care of nurses, by whom they are bathed, fed with goat's milk, carried out, and laid in the sun on the grass, and amused, when they are capable of being so. After some time, when the bodily vigor is obviously increased, ("when vegetative life begins to recover,") and the children have attained a suitable age, attempts are made to rouse their intellectual powers through the organs of sense. These efforts are first directed to the ear. Tubes and speaking-trumpets of different sizes are used; the sound addressed to the dull auditory of the cretin must be loud, else it makes no impression. The child is then taught or coaxed to imitate the motions of the lips and tongue required to give utterance to the sound roared into the ear, and by repetition it learns to connect the sound it hears with the attempt to make it; then it tries to articulate, and so, by slow degrees, it gets through the vowels. The eye and the sense of touch are then exercised in connexion with the results of the first series of lessons. The letters are presented in a large form, carved in wood: the child handles them, and learns to associate the sound with the letter. Words are formed and learned in the same manner. Then the pupil advances to the application of words to objects. Figures of household utensils are laid before the child and named; by-and-by he places the articles themselves upon their pictures. When much difficulty is experienced in getting the attention fixed in this way, the child is taken into a dark room, and is showed the forms of letters and objects portrayed on the wall by means of phosphorus. The illuminated figures sometimes arrest the attention more effectually than anything else; and a beginning having once been made, the progress is steady. The senses of smell and taste are also in constant need of cultivation. Some cretin children swallow whatever substance is placed in the mouth, however nauseous; and they seem to be wholly unconscious of differences of odor.

Gymnastic exercises, which require the daily use of every muscle, are very important, and excite the children to emulation in their feats; whilst the exercise of the faculties of the mind is equally carried on in mental gymnastics, according to the powers of each little scholar. Music has been found to be a powerful aid—soothing, interesting, and refining; and many can bear witness to the thrilling effect of the voices of the happy little groups, who sang in their presence, in their infantine manner, the praises of their God. Few persons, we think, could restrain their tears, while listening to that infant choir, and reflecting that but for the Christian love which has watched over

them, their voices might still have uttered nothing but groans, and their souls remained ignorant of God, their Maker.

Dr. Guggenbuhl has the advantage of being aided in his work by an able assistant. This man has the happy faculty of descending, with the utmost simplicity, patience, and benevolence, to the level of his stupid little scholars; and then, with inimitable perseverance, he labors to excite some mental emotion. However slight that may be, he seizes upon it eagerly, whenever it appears, and keeps his hold of it, as of the end of a thread, which will certainly enable him to draw out more. He then carefully proceeds, eliciting most gradually the feeble manifestations of thought and feeling, which are thenceforth strengthened by skilfully managed exercise.

As to the physical management of the children—in addition to the daily use of baths, as mentioned above, much importance is attached to the occasional employment of electricity, and to frictions with some aromatic herbs. But perhaps no remedial agent is so powerful in contributing to the restoration of health, as the constant breathing of the pure air of the mountain. In some of the goitre cases, and in the rickety cretins, medicine is used freely, particularly the iodide and other salts of iron, quinine, and cod-liver oil.

It is when the convalescence is established, that especial attention is given to the religious instruction of the children. Not but that at any time after the commencement of intellectual activity the truths of the gospel may be received, to the comfort and edification of the spirit struggling with its cumbrous load of a morbid body, but only that, humanly speaking, and in general, the cretin is not able to give due heed to his spiritual concerns, nor to appreciate the importance of divine revelation.

The faculty of distinguishing right from wrong, (or the force of conscience,) shows itself strongly in some of the cretins; and it has been almost always remarked, that when once their intelligence is awakened, they comprehend far more easily the existence of a God, than that of a material object—of a table, for instance.

The manifestation of the power of the Creator in the works of nature, which are so magnificently displayed around, is also quickly received into their hearts. Those who have witnessed, the astonishment, the joy, the admiration, of the cretin children at the sight of a glorious sunrise, or sunset, of a summer rainbow, or a beautiful storm amidst our Alpine heights, would feel the truth of the remark made by Diesterweg, that "many a man has felt ashamed of the indifference and insensibility with which he has coldly beheld the finest phenomena of creation, when he has seen the ecstasy, the attentive consideration, and the transports of children."

It is said in one of the Reports of the Institution:—

"We have never found it necessary to call

the attention of ours to such sights. The works of nature have become to them a sort of teaching of higher things, and led them naturally to the thought of a heavenly Father, whose love is over all, and whose will it is, "that none perish, but that all come to the knowledge of the truth."

"Memory is always more or less developed in cretins.

"A boy now with us, of eleven years of age, in spite of the very decided state of cretinism that he was in when he came, and also of a defect in his speech, learns verses of the Bible and short sentences very easily, and remembers them most remarkably.

"Cretins are also good mechanics. They can draw, can build card houses with wonderful dexterity, and enjoy other amusements of the same kind.

"Their quickness of sensation is extraordinary, their impressions violent; sometimes gay and happy, at others sombre and sad, and there are days in which they are incapable of receiving any good feeling, and seem to have stopped short in every thing. These difficulties, however, though they recur constantly, are forgotten when their progress is visible, and when they show us by their happiness, their cheerfulness, and their tender affection, that they are grateful for the trouble bestowed upon them for their temporal and spiritual welfare.

"In general, cretins have a great horror of animals, and a predilection for inanimate playthings, dolls, flowers, &c., &c. Their food is also an object of much excitement."

"L—, a girl of six months old, was brought to us in a fearful state. Her body was a complete skeleton, out of all proportion, and covered with a cold, wrinkled skin. Her face was white as death; and her shrivelled forehead and cheeks gave her the appearance of an old woman, which was increased by the strange expression of her little, dark, brilliant eyes, full of meaning.

"It was July when she came, the season of the year the best fitted, from the elasticity of the air and the splendor of the sunshine, to produce an amelioration in the state of our invalids. Thanks to these kind influences of nature, and to our unwearied care, she made as rapid progress in her recovery as she had done in her decline. In three months time her deformities began to disappear, her skin became soft and warm, the wrinkles vanished, and her countenance, losing its aged look, grew younger every day. The awakening of the mind soon followed the second spring-time of her body, and showed itself by her smiles and manner of noticing everything around her.

"The gradual change that took place in her in a year can only be compared to that of passing from a mummy state into that of an animated being.

"After eighteen months spent on the Abendberg, she returned to her native village of Lutzeldorf, where, as we learn from her pastor, Bitrius, she continues perfectly well, and is beginning to talk.

"C— was four years old when she came to us, with every symptom of confirmed rachitic cretinism. Her nervous system was so completely out of order, that the strongest electric shocks produced scarcely any effect upon her for some months. Aromatic baths, frictions, moderate exercise, meat regimen and milk, were the means of restoring her. Her bones and muscles grew so strong, that in the course of a year she could run and jump. Her mind appeared to advance in proportion to her body, for she learnt to talk in French and also in German. The life and spirits usual in children of that age at last burst forth, and she was as gay and happy as before she had been cross and disagreeable.

"She was peculiarly open-hearted, active, kind, and cleanly. She learnt to read, write, cypher, sew and knit; and, above all, she loved to sing.

"It is now two years since she left us, and we had the happiness of hearing lately that she continues quite well, and goes to school.

"This is an important fact, because in her family there is a strong tendency to cretinism, and the climate of the canton of the Valais, where she is, is fatal to all development.

"M— was a year and a-half old when confided to us, half paralyzed and in a most deplorable state, unconscious of anything around her. It took at least nine months to reanimate her a little when she began to show some signs of intelligence. Hers were the extremes of laughter and of tears—of rapture and despair—of attention and inattention. The perfect gloom of night which enveloped the mind of this child at length gave way to a dawn of intelligence, which announced the awakening of all her faculties. At three years old she had very correct notions of right and wrong, of God and of her Saviour; and after a stay of four years amongst us, this poor child, who seemed doomed only to vegetate all her life, was sent home with every indication of a healthy mind, as well as of a healthy body.

"A very different subject was sent to the Hospital. Her rosy cheeks, her bright eyes, her fine intelligent expression, would have deceived any one. Nevertheless, at three years old, she could not stand, and cried whenever the attempt was made, and resisted all our efforts to restore animation. We were not, however, to be discouraged, and all at once, as if by magic, she began to articulate a few words, and some months afterwards she could repeat little sentences. In the course of the following year, when in the Valais, we had the satisfaction of seeing this dear child considerably improved in body and mind; showing us, in her infantine way, as much affection as she could, and that she had not in the least forgotten her friends of the Abendberg.

The little countess of A— came to us at seven months old, in July, 1840, in a dying state. Violent cramps, inflammation, and whooping-cough, all seemed to conspire to carry her off at once.

"My only desire was to render her last moments easy, and, to that end, I gave her the essence of hyoscinamus in considerable quantities, when, to our astonishment, the worst symptoms disappeared. Her head was of an enormous size; her face pale and deadly; she could neither stand, move, nor articulate, when arrived at the usual age, nor feed herself; and yet she comprehended certain things, and her hearing was acute.

We pursued a strict regimen for a long time with her; the open air, milk diet, meat, aromatic baths, frictions, and iodine taken inwardly.

When we compare her present state with what she was two years ago, her firm manner of walking, her readiness of pronunciation, her healthy look, the proportion that there now is between her body and her head, her merry voice, her cheerful manner, we cannot but feel assured that we have hit upon the proper manner of treating her. Her head has stopped growing, while her body continues to develop itself."

"We will mention another form of cretinism, which we will distinguish by the name of dumb. The hearing of the dumb cretins is excellent, but their tongue seems tied by some physical cause. This class of persons have in general very deformed bodies, but are lively, with quick eyes, and great powers of attention,

and are clever in expressing themselves by pantomimic gestures.

"They abound in the valleys on the shores of the Rhine, where there are sometimes as many as thirty of them in a population of fifty inhabitants.

"One of these unfortunate beings, L—— B——, nine years old, was sent us from Payerne, his native town, which contains many cretins, deaf and dumb persons, and others affected with infirmities of the same kind. As to intellect, he was like a child of eighteen months old. Tall, strong, and well made, he had no more ideas in his head, when he came to us, than children of that age have.

"I imagine that this sort of dumbness proceeds in part from want of energy of mind; for though we succeeded with much difficulty in making him speak, by a system of sounds, yet for a long time he only made noises like those of a child of two years old, and even now he prefers employing the childish pantomime to the use of speech, and has to be constantly reminded of it.

"He does, however, progress a little, can join some words together, and, we trust, will in time become a clever workman."

What benevolent mind will not exult in the success already gained, or hope that it will be as the first-fruits of a glorious harvest?

ANOTHER LESS TO LOVE ME.

BY RUTH RUSTIC.

Another less to love me!—another less to greet
The little sickly maiden with the words of soothing
sweet,

Oh! the pleasant tones I yearn for, will they fall, ah!
nevermore

On the bruised and fainting spirit that is sickened to
the core?

Will the clasping hand, so tender, ne'er entwine
again with mine,

And the starlight of those eyes upon my bosom's
midnight shine?

I sit beside the window, watching wearily the
street—

There's a step upon the staircase, like the sounding
of his feet,

I start, with straining glances bent upon the opening
door:—

Why should my heart beat quicker when he cometh
nevermore?

The world's-tide floweth gaily where thy vessel sank
beneath;

And they scarcely miss the flower that has fallen
from life's wreath:

But I gaze upon the ocean where thy gallant barque
went down

And I miss the crowning flower from out Friend-
ship's radiant crown.

Thou wert not young or lovely—no! they smiled and
called thee old;

But I saw beneath the surface there were mines of
purest gold,

And when Fashion's gilded butterflies came round
me with their gloss,

I turned more clinging to thee, for to love thee less
were loss!

The few pale flowers I'm twining, they are all to
give him now,

Who all the while was heaping wreaths of joy upon
my brow.

I can but do this little to repay thy ceaseless love,
But for more my heart is pining, oh! thou purer
friend above!

They tell me thou art happy, and I do believe thou
art;

Thou wert so above the many met in life's cold
soulless mart;

Thou whose presence gave me sunshine, oh! it can-
not be all dark,

Then but whisper on Death's voyage thou art safe
within the Ark.

Too precious were the jewels of thy spirit to be lost,
Though on Passion's hasty surges they might often
times be tost.

A mother in yon heaven prayed with tears upon thy
head,

And a Saviour on Mount Calvary drops of blood for
thee didst shed!

Farewell! I may be blither. Yes, the bird again
may sing,

And may warble gladsome carols, though it bears
a wounded wing;

But the heart will falter wearied, though the lips
may tremble not,

For from off its inmost pages Time can never wipe the
blot.

I cannot lay thee in the dust, and be the same as
e'er—

My soul goes wailing evermore, that I shall see thee
ne'er!

Drop-drop Dale.

GROTESQUE HEAD-DRESSES OF FORMER TIMES.

The vagaries of fashion are among the curiosities of all generations—our own not excepted. Monstrous disfigurements of the heads and bodies have been, and will no doubt continue to be, until the end of the chapter. Not the least notable fact in the case, is the transformation, while the fashion reigns, of the grotesque into the attractive—we might almost say the beautiful! For, in the lover's eye, the costume of his dulcinea, if in the prevailing mode, adds new charms to her person.

We select a few of the singular head-dresses worn a century or so back, as curious relics of the past.

1



A tower of hair, pomatum, and feathers, surmounted by a brush, as if for the demolition of spiders' webs, like those above, worn in the days of Louis XIV of France, looked, we may believe, elegant at the time; and in later days,

this horri- zontal arrangement, with a protruding termination like a horse's tail, presented equal attractions!

2



We laugh at these; but, in a generation or so, we will change places, and be in turn the subject of many a merry laugh from our posterity.

The same may be said of the following:

3



And also of this:

4



Selected Miscellany.

SOCIAL GATHERINGS.

[These suggestions from *Life Illustrated* are well worthy of adoption:]

Assemblies for social converse and recreation are in many ways beneficial. They are not frequent enough in our towns and villages.

At the recent literary festival at the Crystal Palace, we were forcibly impressed with the desirableness of having such assemblies frequently—say once a month during the winter—affording to all an opportunity of practicing the agreeable arts, and of becoming acquainted with agreeable people. We are all living too exclusively. We all confine ourselves too much to our own clique, set, circle, or family. There are delightful persons all around us whom we ought to know, but do not; persons whose knowledge is different from our knowledge, whose experience is different from our experience; between whom and ourselves, therefore, there could be a pleasant and instructive interchange of opinions, impressions, and facts. Life is short and difficult; why should we needlessly abridge its pleasures? Why not enjoy all we can?

It does people good merely to array themselves in becoming and attractive garments; shedding their coats, as it were, and coming out all new and glossy. Still more beneficial is it for us to lay aside dull care, and look on our fellow mortals with glad and shining faces. But most serviceable of all is it to quench the little selfishness of our ordinary walk and conversation, and devote ourselves occasionally for a whole evening to the single business of being agreeable. A man is generous in company, if only for very shame. The Gospel, according to Grab, is incredible in the society of well-dressed and well-behaved ladies and gentlemen. Everybody becomes obliging as a matter of course, and feels the beauty and the ecstasy of preferring the happiness of others before his own.

Let us be more social. What more easy than for the people of a village to have a weekly assembly in some public room, with very simple, inexpensive refreshment, the cost to be shared by the company? No speech-making or other humbug, but mere social enjoyment the object. Let there be tables for cards, drafts, and chess; a floor for dancing, chairs for talkers, and let every one amuse himself in the way he prefers. An occasional song, glee, or chorus, would, of course, enliven the occasion.

There is no reason why our villagers should be dependent for amusement upon circuses and strolling companies of players, magicians, and singers. They have the means of enjoyment within themselves, which only need to be combined and brought out. The only sensible

and the most pleasant celebration of the Fourth of July that we ever witnessed, was in a little village in the West, where all the people, old and young, rich and poor, clergy and laymen, saints and sinners, dined together in a grove. The children frolicked about, while the elders ate their dinner, and when they were satisfied, the tables were newly arranged for the juveniles. It was a most cheerful, pleasant scene. Everybody was as happy as the afternoon was long.

Let us be more social, and we shall all be the better for it.

ANECDOTE OF RUBINI.

Some thirty years ago, the little town of Bergamo, in Italy, became eminent for its chorus-singers, while, by a singular contrast, the actors were in the inverse ratio but indifferent.

Some of the former became, afterwards, much distinguished, and indeed immortalized themselves throughout Italy, as singers, composers, and musicians of the first eminence, in the names of Donizetti, Cridelli, Leonora Bianchi, and Mario; all of whom commenced their career as simple chorus-singers at Bergamo. Among other aspirants to fame, at this period, was a young man of very humble extraction, and to use a common saying, "poor as a church mouse," but withal of a most amiable disposition—unassuming, and much beloved of his companions.

In Italy the orchestra are not, or were not, so recherche as in France; in the former country you enter the shop of a tailor, and, ten to one, you find the master thereof playing "first fiddle," while his apprentices, by way of winding up the day agreeably, will make their appearance at the theatre, with their various orchestral instruments.

The subject of this anecdote was one of this class; and, in order to contribute to the support of an aged mother, united the functions of a chorister with the less harmonious, but more lucrative occupation of an humble snip.

One morning it chanced that it was his good fortune to be sent to the celebrated singer, Nozari, in order to accommodate him with a pair of inexpressibles. After gazing on him attentively, Nozari asked the boy if he had not seen him before.

"I believe so, Signor," he replied; "I have seen you at the theatre while I was engaged in the choruses."

"Have you anything of a voice?" asked Nozari.

"No," was the reply, "I can hardly go up to sol."

"Let us try, my little fellow," said Nozari good-humoredly, as he approached the piano. "Now begin your gamut."

This the youth timidly attempted, but when he arrived at the awful *sol* he got quite out of breath.

"Now out with *la*," said Nozari.

"Impossible, Signor—I cannot."

"Out with it, you rascal."

"*La—la—la*!"—cried the lad.

"Now for *si*."

"Oh, Signor, I can't."

"Out with it, or I'll out of the window with you!" roared Nozari.

"Oh! don't be angry, Signor—I'll try," exclaimed the terrified boy, beginning with *la—si—la—si*, and ending with *do*.

"That will do," said his preceptor, patting him caressingly on the head, "and," continued Nozari with an air of triumph, "follow it up, and you shall become the first tenor singer in Italy."

Nozari's prophecy was realized; and the poor chorus-boy, through the introduction of a pair of inexpressibles, became "Il primo tenor d'Italia," and the destined possessor of the immense fortune of two millions—and his name was RUBINI!

DRESS FOR LITERARY LADIES.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

One vice of dress literary ladies are accused of, and sometimes justly, viz.: a predilection for the picturesque. We call this a *vice* of dress, because it generally makes the wearer remarkable, and not pleasantly so. Dress may be sometimes individual without offence; ordinarily, good taste and good breeding require that it should, in its general aspect, conform to the common standard, not to an ideal one peculiar to the wearer. It must be remembered that costume which would serve admirably for a picture or a description, may be quite unrepresentable in a drawing room. In the old satirical novel of *Cherubina*, or the *Heroine*, the lady, impassioned for the picturesque, takes "an entire piece of the finest cambric," and disposes it most statuesquely about her person. "A zone, a clasp, and a bodkin," she says, "completed all!" But the result was disastrous. Far short of this extreme, we have seen imaginative ladies make the most extraordinary figure in company, from the indulgence of an individual taste in dress, instead of a modest acquiescence with the reigning mode.

"What! be a slave to fashion!" "No, but make fashion your servant, by using it so far as it will serve your purpose, i. e., enables you to present a becoming and respectable appearance in society." We venture to say that it is hardly possible to respect anybody who is fantastically dressed. To differ much from others in this matter, bespeaks a degree of thought and plan on the part of the wearer, which detracts from dignity of character. We all like the company of even an ultra-fashionist, made up by tailors or milliners, better than of one who forces us to notice trifles, by appearing in array so peculiar as to strike the eye, while it offends the habit, at least, if not the judgment.

To be passive under the hands of people who make it their business to study the forms, effect, and harmony of dress, is surely wiser than to usurp their office, for which one's own habitual employments are likely to do anything but prepare. A veto power must be reserved, however, for people who live always in an atmosphere of decoration, are rather prone to overdress one, if they are not watched. Eyes accustomed to a furnace glare, may learn to deem the light of common day ineffectual.

Women generally have an intense dislike to the picturesque style in female dress, and they are not at all apt to think favorably of the stray sheep who adopt it. Some "ill-avis'd" persons fancy that ladies dress for the eyes of gentlemen, but this opinion shows little knowledge of the sex. Gentlemen dress for ladies, but ladies for each other. The anxiety that is felt about the peculiarities of fashion, the chase after novelty, the thirst for expense, all refer to woman's judgment and admiration, for of these particulars men know nothing. Here we touch upon the point in question. Women who depart from fashion in search of the picturesque are suspected of a special desire to be charming to the other sex, a fault naturally unpardonable, for ought we not all to start fair? Has any individual a right to be weaving private nets, and using unauthorized charms? A lady who values her character, had better not pretend to be independent of the fashion. The extra admiration of a few of her more poetical beaux will not compensate for the angry sarcasms she must expect from her own sex. This is a matter in which we find it hard to be merciful, or even candid.

Shall the becoming, then, be sacrificed to the caprices of fashion, which consults neither complexion, shape, or air, but considers the female sex only as a sort of dough, which is to be moulded at pleasure, and squeezed into all possible forms, at the waving of a wand? We do not go so far. There are rules of taste—standards of grace and beauty—boundaries of modesty and propriety—restraints of Christian benevolence. Saving and excepting the claims of these, we say follow the fashion enough to avoid singularity, and do not set up to be an inventor in costume.

PASSION FOR DRESS—BUYING CHEAP.

It is not very easy to draw the line between a proper care of one's money, and too great a solicitude to obtain "cheap things." Nobody knows with certainty, except the purchaser herself, what is the motive, and what the merit or demerit of the labor she submits to in shopping; but she knows very well, and to her must the decision be referred. If a weak hankering after a style of dress more costly than we can honestly afford, causes us to shop in a mean and grasping way, we, at least, know it, whether any one else discovers it or not, and it is a matter very well worth an hour's thought and sifting.

There is, perhaps, nothing more hardening

to the heart, in a small way, than the habit here alluded to. After we have once set our mark too high, and are straining every nerve to approach it, no spare dollar is ever at our command for a benevolent or friendly purpose. The too-great toils of an anxious husband—painful contrasts with less aspiring, or less successful friends—the half-paid labors of the poor seamstress who contributes to further our selfish aims—the sight of suffering which has just claims upon us—all are as nothing and less than nothing. Conscience, pity, and affection are not more surely blunted by any of the so-called minor offences, than by a pursuit of dress in this temper. The competition is too keen for friendship, too petty for generosity, almost too grasping for honesty. We have high authority for believing that it has even been known to lead to insanity, and, judging by some extreme cases within our notice, we can well imagine it. A pursuit so futile, so inimical to all that is serious and ennobling, can hardly be safe; for Nature will revenge herself when we trample her best gifts under foot, and insist on choosing for ourselves a position in the scale of being far lower than that which she assigns us.

THE DINNER AT THE CARDINAL'S.

[The following thrilling story is told of one whom Cardinal Richelieu endeavored to remove quietly out of his way:]

M. Dumont, a small merchant of the Rue St. Denis, received one morning a letter, dated Rueil, a little village on the outskirts of Paris, where the Cardinal had a country-seat. This letter contained an invitation to supper for the next day with his Eminence. M. Dumont could not believe his eyes; he read the letter several times, looked at the direction, and finally concluded that he must be indeed the person to whom it was addressed. Amazed beyond expression, he called his wife and daughters, to communicate to them his good fortune. You may imagine the joy and pride of the three women!

About four o'clock he mounted his horse, and started for Rueil. He had scarce passed the suburbs, when the clouds assumed a threatening look, and the sound of distant thunder announced the approach of a violent storm. The merchant, having neglected to provide himself with a cloak, doubled the speed of his horse. But the storm travelled faster than his steed: flashes of lightning succeeded each other with frightful rapidity, and the rain fell in torrents. Assailed by the tempest, our hero put his horse to the gallop; but at length, unable to continue his journey, he stopped at a small tavern in Monterre. He alighted, sent his horse to the stable, and took refuge in a low room, where the servants lighted a blazing fire to dry his clothes. While he was warming himself, the door opened, and another person, also drenched with rain, entered and seated himself in the opposite corner.

The two travellers looked at each other for some time in silence. At last, M. Dumont addressed his companion with the words: "What detestable weather!"

"It is very bad, indeed," replied the stranger. "But it is only a shower, which, I hope, will soon pass over."

"Hear," continued M. Dumont, "the storm increases; peals of thunder shake the house; the rain falls in torrents; and yet I must go on."

"Sir," said the unknown, "it must be important business that can induce you to proceed on your journey in this weather."

"It is, indeed," said Dumont, "I will tell you: it is no secret. I am invited to a supper, this evening, with the Cardinal de Richelieu."

"Ah! I know it is a difficult matter to decline such an invitation. But you have still a long way to go, and how can you present yourself before his Eminence in the state in which you now are?"

"His Eminence will, perhaps, appreciate my eagerness to accept his kind invitation."

"If I did not fear to appear indiscreet, I would ask you if you ever had anything to do with the Cardinal?"

"Nothing at all. I must even say that I cannot account for the favor which I have received."

"The Cardinal is very jealous of his authority; he does not like to have his actions judged. One word is sufficient to excite his suspicion; think well. Have you never given his Eminence any cause for complaint against you?"

"I think not. I have been constantly occupied with my business. I have no interest in what they call politics. However, I believe that, before two or three friends only, I censured the death of the Duke of Montmorency, and you would have done the same, had your grandfather been the steward of that illustrious noble."

"My dear sir, you look like an honest man. You have inspired me with much interest for you; will you listen to me, then? Do not go to Rueil."

"Not go to Rueil? I shall set out this instant, in spite of the storm."

"One word more, my friend, for your position interests me exceedingly; you really believe that the Cardinal is expecting you to supper? Well, let me undeceive you. You are expected, it is true—but to be hung!"

"O merciful Heaven! what do you mean? It is impossible."

"I tell you again," said the stranger, "to be hung!"

At these words, Dumont, shuddering with terror, drew himself near to the unknown.

"For Heaven's sake, how do you know?"

"I am sure of it."

"But, what have I done to deserve such a fate?"

"I don't know; but I am sure of what I say, for I am the one who has been sent for to hang you."

The poor merchant, pale as a corpse, drew back several steps, and, scarcely able to speak, said :

"Pray tell me, sir—who are you?"

"The hangman of Paris, called by his Eminence to dispatch you. Think of the service I have rendered you, and remember that the least indiscretion on your part will be my ruin."

The merchant remounted his horse, without waiting for the storm to abate; and, drenched to the bone, he reached Paris. Instead of repairing to his own house, he sought shelter with an old friend, to whom he related his adventure and wonderful escape. With the aid of money he obtained a passport, under a false name; and, well disguised, started for England. There he remained till the death of the Cardinal, which occurred two years after.

MISS BREMER.

The Countess Hahn-Hahn, who visited Miss Bremer, at her country residence of Arsta, a few years since, speaks of it as being remarkable, in an historical point of view. The house is of stone, built during the Thirty Years' War, with large and lofty apartments, overlooking the meadow where Gustavus Adolphus reviewed the army with which he marched into Livonia. It is surrounded with magnificent trees, the dark waters of the Baltic lying in the distance. Here Miss Bremer, with a beloved mother and sister, resides for a part of the year, and here many of our countrymen have had the pleasure of visiting her, and enjoying her hospitality. One of these remarks of her, that in every thought and act she seems to have but one object—that of making her fellow-beings contented and happy. She is possessed of an ample fortune, and devotes her income mostly to charitable objects. In a recent severe winter, when the poor were dying with hunger and cold, hundreds through her means were warmed and fed, who would otherwise have perished.

In addition to her other accomplishments, Miss Bremer possesses a most delicate musical ear, and plays on the piano with great expression and an exquisite touch, the wild songs of her native land, as well as the more elaborate works of the great masters. She also paints in water-colors, and her album contains finely executed miniatures of most of the remarkable persons she has known.

WALKING LEAVES OF AUSTRALIA.

Almost everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that island, many people really believed that the leaves of a certain tree which flourishes there could walk about the ground. The story arose in this way. Some English sailors landed upon the coast one day, and, after roaming about until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest themselves. A puff of wind came along,

and blew off a shower of leaves, which, after turning over and over in the air, as leaves generally do, finally rested upon the ground. As it was midsummer, and everything appeared quite green, the circumstance puzzled the sailors considerably. But their surprise was much greater, as you may well suppose, when, after a short time, they saw the leaves crawling along the ground toward the trunk of the tree. They ran at once for their vessel, without stopping to inquire into the matter at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the men said that he "expected every moment to see the trees set to and dance a jig."

Subsequent explorations of Australia have taught us that these walking leaves are insects. They live upon the trees. Their bodies are very thin and flat, their wings forming large, leaf-like organs. When they are disturbed, their legs are folded away under their bodies, leaving the shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green color in the summer, but they gradually change in the fall, with the leaves, to the brown of a frost-bitten vegetation. When shaken from the tree, they lie for a few minutes upon the ground, as though they were dead, but presently they begin to crawl along toward the tree, which they ascend again. They rarely use their wings, although they are pretty well supplied in this respect.

HOW TO BE LOVED.

Here is a secret worth knowing. William Wirt, in a letter to his daughter, thus insists upon the importance of the "small, sweet courtesies of life." Depend upon it, he is right. He says: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others, is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him. And the whole world will serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let all persons, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small, sweet courtesies, in which there is no parade; whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention; giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one, Have oft times no connection. Knowledge dwells In heads replete with thoughts of other men; Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own. Knowledge—a rude, unprofitable mass, The more materials with which Wisdom builds— Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place, Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich! Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much, Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

SENTIMENTS FROM THE "NEWCOMES," BY THACKERAY.

People hate as they love, unreasonably.—Whether is it the more mortifying to us to feel that we are disliked or liked undeservedly?

The children of those who do not love in marriage seem to bear an hereditary coldness, and do not love their parents as other children do.

A young man of spirit not unfrequently mistakes his vanity for independence.

It is not a man's gifts or hospitalities that generally injure his fortune. It is on themselves that prodigals spend most.

Without intending to disparage the youth of other nations, I think a well-bred English lad has this advantage over them, that his bearing is commonly more modest than theirs. He does not assume the tail-coat and the manners of manhood too early; he holds his tongue and listens to his elders; his mind blushes as well as his cheeks; he does not know how to make bows like the young Frenchman, nor to contradict his seniors, as I am informed American striplings do. Boys who learn nothing else at our public schools, learn at least good manners, or what we consider to be such.

The wicked are wicked no doubt, and they go astray, and they fall, and they come by their deserts; but who can tell the mischief the very virtuous do?

It is only in later days, when the treasures of love are spent, and the kind hand cold which ministered them, that we remember how tender it was; how soft to soothe; how eager to shield; how ready to support and caress! The ear may no longer hear which would have received our words of thanks so delightedly. Let us hope these fruits of love, though tardy, are yet not all too late; and, though we bring our tribute of reverence and gratitude, it may be, to a grave-stone, there is an acceptance even there for the stricken heart's oblation of fond remorse, contrite memories, and pious tears.

Art ought not to be a fever. It ought to be a calm; not a screaming bull fight, or a battle of gladiators, but a temple for placid contemplation, rapt worship, stately rhythmic ceremony, and music solemn and tender.

There are perils in our (life) battle, from which, God help us, the bravest had best run away.

What moments can we not all remember in our lives when it would have been so much wittier and wiser to say and do nothing!

Some folks say the world is heartless; he who says so either prates commonplace, (the most likely and charitable suggestion,) or is heartless himself, or is most singular and unfortunate in having made no friends.

What would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame, and the applause of

one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman—of any glory, happiness, or good fortune, avail to a gentleman who was allowed to enjoy them only on condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? All fame and happiness would disappear and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails.

Look, gentlemen! Does a week pass without the announcement of the discovery of a new star in the heaven, twinkling dimly out of a yet farther distance, and only now becoming visible to human ken, though existent forever and ever? So let us hope divine truths may be shining, and regions of light and love extant, which Geneva glasses cannot yet perceive, and are beyond the focus of Roman telescopes.

"War and justice are good things," says George Warrington, rattling his clenched fist upon the table. "I maintain them, and the common sense of mankind maintains them, against the preaching of all the Honeymans that ever puled from the pulpit. I have not the least objection to a rogue being hung. When a scoundrel is whipped I am pleased, and say, Served him right."

I say the world is full of Miss Nightingales; and we, sick and wounded in our private Scutaris, have countless nurse-tenders.

A T REST.—BY ANNA M. BATES.

Fold the pale hands, lightly, softly,
Over the pulseless breast;
No more life's care and tumult
Will break her pleasant rest;
Out where the young leaves whisper,—
Out where the sunbeams shine,
And the wind sings o'er the daisy-buds
Its low and pleasant rhyme.

Put back the golden tresses
From that brow more fair than day;
Never more may love's caresses
Fold those shining bands away;
No more a mute appealing,
For human love and trust,
May shine from those shut starry eyes,—
Gems wedded to the dust.

Look on those meek lips smiling;
They were never hushed so long;
For, like the summer rivulet,
They rippled o'er with song.
When the ripe brown nuts were falling
Where the crimson leaflets lay,
She heard a sweet voice calling—
Calling her from earth away.

—[*Ladies' Christian Annual*.]

AN AMERICAN'S EXPERIMENT AT HOUSE-KEEPING IN PARIS.

[We take from that sprightly volume, "Bell Smith Abroad," an amusing account of the author's attempt at housekeeping on a small scale in Paris:]

We took possession of our little rooms in great glee. The novelty of our elevated nest, above the thronging, idle Paris—the comforts

gathered in little knick-knacks—the taste evinced in every thing—the quiet, in such contrast with our late abode, made me think for the moment we were at home. I have lived to learn better. The word home is an English word, and has an English meaning totally unknown in France. The idea of comfort, of seclusion, of sacredness, all contained in that word of hope, memory, and happiness, have no existence here, even in imagination, and would be as applicable to French lodgings as to a sunshade or a hat. They will keep out the sun, the rain, and the wind, (indifferently,) but they keep in nothing—no inner temple, where the hearth-stone is an altar, and the household gods are treasured up sacred from common eyes.—Our gay Parisians want only a corner in which to sleep; the balance of doings incident to life are gotten up in the open air. A little dinner-party in the street, a breakfast or supper on the sidewalks, with the great world streaming by, an afternoon or an evening in the Boulevard, Tuileries, or theatres, are the makings-up of every day life. An American's house is his castle—there, with wife, children, and relations, he lives merrily, or in stupid grandeur. The stranger must sound a parley, sometimes on the outside, before the drawbridge is lowered and admission granted. With the French, the houses are barracks, and the only way to avoid the intruding stranger is to evacuate yourself.—Of course, with such a position of things, no provision is made for our mode of life, and—sorry am I to write it—our happiness.

We employed a domestic who came to us with an armful of recommendations. She could not commence her duties until the Monday following our removal, and we had two days to dispose of in the meanwhile. Mrs. T. came to see us two hours after the baggage was deposited on the floor, and treated me to a meaning smile, in return for my child-like rejoicings over my new apartments.

"I hope you will find them all you anticipate," she said; "but I have lived several years in Paris, and never succeeded in finding myself comfortably situated. Our ideas of comfort are so entirely different from those of this people, that to find them gratified is out of the question. Your chimney smokes."

This was said so abruptly, I looked astonished. We had not disturbed the fire-place, glittering with burnished brass. I found words to ask a reason for this abrupt conclusion.

"All chimneys in Paris are nuisances, and smoke abominably. Until late, fires were luxuries to the majority of the inhabitants, and now we have sham fires—a pretence for fires—make-believes. Put on what you consider sufficient wood or coal to warm the room; and, after being smoked beyond patience, end only in astonishing the residents at your extravagance. You will surely freeze in these rooms."

I again asked why, as the apartments were small, and apparently capable of being warmed readily.

"The walls of the house, my dear, terminate at the floor—this story, and the one above, are

mere shells of lath and plaster; see;" and of the fact she soon convinced us. The balcony I had so rejoiced over, rested on the huge walls of the building.

"But we descend to the second story in a few days."

"That may be a gain. The atmosphere up here is pure—more than I can say for most apartments lower down. Show them to me."

We descended, and, with but two words of apology, walked in upon the occupants—a customary thing here, when looking at apartments. The lady went on with her embroidery, and a little girl, under the hands of an instructor, looked up once, but never paused in her drumming. We examined carefully into every corner, and then returned, when Mrs. T. gave me the result of her observations.

"The first trouble I notice is, that you pass through the dining-room to get to the parlor—no inconvenience to French people, but a serious annoyance to us; we are of a retiring disposition when 'feeding,'—(excuse the word.)—In the next place, the sun never reaches your windows—a sad thing in Paris, where the winters are composed of rain-clouds; but more especially in your apartments where Lucy's room is without windows altogether, with a door opening into your bed-chamber. How the poor child will manage to dress, two-thirds of the winter, I cannot imagine. Again, you are above some stables, and will be awakened at midnight by Count Somebody and family returning to their pavilion from the opera or ball; and, if at all nervous, ye will be kept awake by the pawing of horses until morning."

I begged her in pity to stop, and called her attention to the beautiful gardens before our windows.

They will look dreary enough when the leaves fall, but the open space will afford you air—that is some comfort. You tell me you have engaged a *bonne*, (domestic;) consider her a female devoid of all honesty, and treat her accordingly. She will never tell you the truth, even by accident, and steal every thing she dare. Lucy must carry the keys, and give out from day to day, precisely what you need for use. Give her a certain amount of money in the morning to market with; make her produce the bills and settle at night. You have your fuel in the cave; for every five sticks she brings you, she will sell two. Your wine will suffer the same fate. Your beer will be watered beyond its original taste. These things you cannot well prevent. On the subject of wood I am a little nervous. The wood-man sells it to you by the pound, and, as he soaks it in water before weighing, you cannot well afford the stealage—the cheatage is quite enough. She will sell the food already cooked, before your face. When you walk through the market, notice a stall in which are bits of cooked dishes, mutton chops, infinitesimal beef-steaks, and pats of butter; these are furnished the stall by cooks in the neighborhood, who sell them to this receiver, and he in turn sells them to the poorer laborers. Two profits to be made off your kitchen!"

I asked, in perfect astonishment, if this could be so, and if it was not possible to find honest servants.

"Entirely out of the question. One would cease the awful strife with their cheating and stealing, but it offers a premium on their vice; and it increases immediately beyond the strength of your purse. By-the-by, be very careful never to patronize a tradesman she may recommend. They have their heads together, and your bills will be no evidence of the expenditure. The class you have to deal with in Paris, recognize in a stranger a goose sent them by Providence to pluck—they pluck accordingly, and, going to church after, they return thanks to the 'bon Dieu,' that he has sent them so fat a bird."

This all sounds very harsh, yet my experience sustains it to the letter; nor have I met with a single American or English woman, resident in Paris, who has not concurred with us in this. It is a hard thing to make such charges against a whole class—a class, too, struggling in poverty, under heavy exaction, poor wages, and unjust legislation. The law puts them under the control of their employers. Each servant is required to bring from their last employer a written character, and without this cannot be employed. They may complain if the document is refused, and one is forced to give a reason for such refusal. But it is an oppressed class, and, like all oppressed by the strong arm, make up in cunning and deceit what they lack in power.

I gave Mrs. T.'s experiences to D. and Dr. B., on their return from a settlement with Hotel de Tours, and both pronounced it nonsense. D. said Mrs. T. was a perfect gentlewoman, but nevertheless, no oracle in all things; whereupon he brought from under his arm a complicated piece of tinnery, which he pronounced a coffee-pot, capable of making coffee, without fail, in ten minutes. As our cook could not come for two days, our first proposition was to breakfast, lunch, and dine, at the Cafe de France; but the coffee-pot so elated D., that he declared we should commence housekeeping instantan, by preparing our breakfast.

To sit down to coffee, bread, and butter, seemed a very simple, easy matter; but when the articles are to be collected, and a dozen flights of stairs to be descended and ascended, the labor is tremendous. Five times did B. and D. disappear and re-appear, quite exhausted, before the coffee, milk, sugar, bread, and butter, could be ordered; and in the midst of the congratulations at the possession of these valuables, he discovered salt to be among the missing. Then came the fact of no spoons, knives, or forks, in our little house. After a deal of vexation, all these things were purchased, at twice their value, and collected.

The principal article, most desired and anxiously looked for, was the coffee. D. solemnly set about its manufacture. The exact quantity of ground coffee was measured, the proper quantity of water poured over, to which, in a circular pan, was placed and set on fire the alcohol.

Each one held a watch in hand, and we waited anxiously the expiration of the ten minutes.—It came at last; the alcohol was extinguished, and the first cup poured out. It had a mulattoish color, as if it had made the exact divide of half-and-half. D. tasted, and setting down the cup, exclaimed:

"I have been all my life in a state of wonderment, as to the mode of manufacturing steam-boat and hotel coffee. The wonder is at an end—Eureka—the discovery is invaluable."

"The discovery," retorted Dr. Bob, with extreme disgust painted on his face, "may be invaluable, but the coffee is vile stuff."

"Patience, fellow sufferer," said D.; "we are savans, and must not permit our selfish appetites to interfere with the pursuits of science.—Let us try again."

Pouring in double the quantity of alcohol, he said it should boil twenty minutes. This was impossible, as at the end of the lawful ten minutes, the fire expired of itself. It was hard to tell what had become of the extra supply of spirits; but, on tasting this second experiment, the doubt at once vanished. The weak coffee was considerably strengthened by the spirits. As if to crowd all ills into a limited space, Dr. B. put down his cup with more than horror in his face, and pronounced himself poisoned. I could not imagine what was the trouble, until, after tasting again and again the abominable mixture, I discovered he had been drinking from a cup in which I had imprudently mixed a tonic, made up of herbs, bitter as bitterest known.

"There is a point," said D., "at which we are assured by the divine Watts, that patience ceases to be a virtue. That point is now before us; and, to show my appreciation of the sentiment, I will make this coffee-pot a contribution to Paris at large."

So saying, he stepped upon the balcony, and tossed the tin curiosity out to the world. Its descent was curious; for a short distance it took rather a south-by-easterly course. In this direction it struck a stone projection of a house near by, which changed its flight to almost due east, and so continued until it hit and went in at a window, through a pane of glass, with some noise. From this it immediately flew out, quite hastily indeed, followed by a white night-cap, covering the head of an irritable old citizen, who, with the tassel of his cap shaking with very wrath and indignation, looked in every direction but the right one. The coffee-pot continued until it struck a street-cleaner in the back, who jumped as if shot. We left a knot of this useful class earnestly examining the curious work of art, probably setting it down as an "infernal machine," of neater construction and more convenient form than the great original.

We ordered breakfast from the Cafe de France, and a very excellent breakfast it was. The smoking viands, the boiling coffee, with hot milk, and real cream, restored our good humor; and after partaking, with many a laugh and jest, we felt disposed to be on good terms with the

world at large, and Paris in particular. With the last, however, we had an unsettled account. It could not brook the indignity of having kitchen ware tossed in its face, violating thereby certain laws of peace and propriety. We had scarcely finished our morning repast, when a ring at our bell ushered in two of the police, both with terrible swords at their side, and the worst-fitting clothes I believe I ever did see.—We were ordered to appear before a dispenser of justice, to suffer, if guilty, for the hideous offence charged. As we were not prepared with a barricade, to meet the unexpected emergency, our only course was quietly to submit, with a tremendous appeal for mercy.

To some of your readers, who may wonder at the rapidity with which these functionaries found us, I will say that, in going into any house, or hotel, to lodge, you are requested to leave your passport in the porter's lodge, until from it, in what is called the police-book, is entered all the particulars the document may afford.—The porter or concierge is in the pay of the police; the commissaire, who runs your errands, is in the same service; the driver of the voiture in which you ride, reports to the police; your interpreter, if you have one, belongs to that disagreeable body; and, in fact, the law, through a hundred eyes, is looking on you continually.

In the present difficulty, I suggested sending for our Minister. Dr. Bob begged to have professional advice; but D. said he could not think of involving our country in a war on account of a vile coffee-pot; and as for a lawyer, he thought, from experience, that would make matters worse. There was no use denying the charge. The indignant old citizen was on hand, discoursing rapidly in excellent French; the hit-in-the-back workman was hard by, talking vehemently in very bad French; so nothing was left but to confess the awful crime, and submit to punishment. As we were strangers, and as Paris lives on strangers, the polite judge only fined us fifty francs; which, with the expenses incident, brought the amount up to about twelve dollars. Riding homeward, we made a calculation as to the cost of our morning meal, attempted in an economical way, and found we had expended near twenty dollars.

Experience purchased:

French cooking is a science.

French house-keeping is a mystery.

Science comes from labor—mysteries from Providence.

TWILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
O, how oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
On the marvellous truth that these words convey!
And can it be so? Must the valiant and free
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?
Are the trophies they've reared and the glories
they've won
Only castles of frost-work, confronting the sun,
And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view

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As a midsummer's dream, be as perishing, too?
Then have pity, ye proud ones—he gentle, ye great!
O remember how mercy beseeemeth your state:
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave
Is eating the chain of the manacled slave,
And the conqueror's frowns, and his victim's tears
Will be all the same in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,
Whose heir-loom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil
Yet envy not those who have glory and gold,
By the sweat of the poor, and the blood of the bold;
For 'tis coming, howe'er they may flout in their
pride,

The day when they'll moulder to dust by your side.
Death untie the children of toil and of sloth,
And the democrat reptiles carouse upon both;
For Time, as he speeds on his viewless wings,
Disenamels and withers all earthly things;
And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's
crook,
And the minstrel's pipe, and the scholar's book,
And the emperor's crown, and the Cossack's spears,
Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
O most magical fountain of smiles and tears!
To think that our hopes, like the flowers of June,
Which we love so much should be lost so soon!
Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?
Or the breaking of human hearts for toys?
Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes?
Or the passion of youth for his darling dreams?
Or the aiming at ends that we never can span?
Or the deadly aversion of man for man?
What availeth it all? O, ye sages, say,—
Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clay?
Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize—
The enchanting maid with the starry eyes?
Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears,
If 'tis all the same in a hundred years!

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
How clear soever the case appears;
For know ye not, that beyond the grave,
Far, far beyond where the cedars wave,
On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars
Come glittering forth in their golden cars,
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
Where we smile to think of the tears in this?
And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore,
Has the thought of death in his heart no more;
But layeth his staff and sandals down
For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown.
And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere,
The delightful child she has wept for here;
And the warrior's sword that protects the right,
Is bejewelled with stars of undying light;
And we quaff of the same immortal cup,
While the orphan smiles, and the slave looks up!
So be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears,
For 'tis not the same in a hundred years!

[DUBLIN TELEGRAPH.]

GOOD TEMPER.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our follies springs:
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offence!

{MORE.}

THREE NEW YEARS' EVES.

(BY T. S. ARTHUR.)

EVE THE FIRST.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrews had been married only a few months, and this was their first New Year's Eve. Theirs was truly a marriage of affection, and congenial tastes drew closer the bonds by which they were united. Familiarity with the best authors had developed the mind of Mr. Andrews intellectually; while a thorough business education gave him a confidence in his own ability to make his way in the world, and left him undisturbed about the future. Mrs. Andrews had been carefully raised by a widowed mother, now removed from her by death, and had experience just enough of the trials of self-dependence to feel the real comforts of her new position.

The home in which they found themselves on this, the first New Year's Eve of their married life, suited, in all respects, their unambitious tastes. It was not large, nor elegantly furnished, in the modern acceptance of that term; but light from their happy hearts was reflected on every object, making all beautiful in their eyes.

The intellectual tastes of Mr. Andrews had led him, in the arrangement of his new home, to set apart one small room as a library, and here most of the evenings of the young couple were spent. And it was here they had shut themselves in from the world on their first New Year's Eve, the husband reading aloud from a favorite book, and the happy young wife listening to his manly voice, and treasuring in her memory the sentiments that fell from his lips, while her fingers busied themselves with some elegant needlework.

This home was their Paradise, into which the tempter had not yet found an entrance. This was their world, beyond which thought had not yet strayed, nor imagination pictured a scene more desirable. Without was the desolation of winter—but within, the sunshine of love made all bright as an Arcadian summer.

Thus it was on their first New Year's Eve.

EVE THE SECOND.

They are in the warm library, as on the last New Year's Eve. The husband is sitting with a book before him, but not reading, though thought seems busied in its pages. Yet, thought is far away from that quiet place, busying itself with some scheme of worldly gain. Since last year, he has become more absorbed in trade, and more ambitious to rise in the world; and, as a consequence, less interested in things purely intellectual. Many times since that first happy New Year's Eve, has his wife gone up to her chamber, after parting with him for the day, and wept as if her heart would break. And why? He had forgotten the parting kiss, or laid his lips to

hers so coldly, that the touch chilled, instead of warming her heart. Oh! how many times had a doubt of his love come over her, filling her soul with anguish.

The pleasant library has another inmate—a babe sleeping in its warm cradle. And above this angel visitant, the mother bends and feasts her eyes upon its beauty. A new spring of joy has gushed forth in her spirit—new capacities for enjoyment have been created therein.

In some things, this eve is happier than the last; yet over the brightness of the scene a sitting shadow passes—for the world has come with its tempting bribes, and the heart of Mr. Andrews is not proof against them.

What we love, comes to the lips in speech. Mr. Andrews' desire to achieve large success in business, often led him to speak of what came first in his thoughts. Many times he had talked with his wife about his future, and gradually inspired her mind with something of the ambition that filled his own. And this evening, while the babe slumbered, they talked of the coming year, and the large gains that were expected by the husband. More than once it was on his lips to speak of a better house, and more elegant home-surroundings; but a recollection of the happy hours they had spent in the pleasant room they occupied, caused him to repress the words.

EVE THE THIRD.

Three more years have passed with their joys and sorrows.

"We are on the last hours of the year," said Mrs. Andrews, with a shade of sadness in her voice, as she took up some needlework, and drew near the light, where her husband sat with a newspaper in his hands, apparently reading. She had just returned from the chambers above, after seeing their three children safely in bed.

"Yes," repeated Mr. Andrews, gloomily; "on the last hours of the year."

"It has not been as happy a year as were the previous ones," said Mrs. Andrews. "You have had more trouble in business, and, somehow, things have been going wrong at home all the time. I don't know what's come over me, but little matters, that once had no power to disturb, now ruffle my feelings sadly. And, then, there's no concealing the fact, that the children grow more ungovernable every day; and what is worse, quarrel dreadfully among themselves."

Mr. Andrews made no reply, for the words of his wife brought up from the past images of home-scenes singularly in contrast with the real things of the year just sighing out the last hours of its existence. No—home had not been as happy as during the previous years.

And why was this? There had been trouble in business, on the husband's side, and he had not always thrown the weight of care from his spirit at day's decline, and brought a cheerful heart and sunny countenance home with him. Yet he might have done this; for the trouble was such as ever comes with increasing business, and should have found a compensation in increasing gains. Had he wisely left the day's cares and perplexities at his place of business when the doors were shut at night, and let home-affections, and a loving interest in the treasured ones of his household, find their true activity, his presence would have been like warm sunshine, dispelling clouds and shadows. But, he was setting his heart upon the world, more and more, every day; and as worldly interests increased, care and anxiety increased also, for this is one of the penalties nearly all men pay for prosperity. He had met with some unexpected losses, and more than one carefully planned operation had entirely failed. This was the trouble in business to which his wife referred—and of which she had felt at home the disturbing influence. On her part, the trouble had also been experienced. She, too, was setting her heart on external things, and hoping to find therein rest and peace. The home in which, during the earlier years of her married life, she had enjoyed so much of real happiness, grown poor and mean in her eyes under the stronger light of opening prosperity, must needs be changed for one larger and more elegant. Richer clothing, new and costly furniture, and many things for show succeeded, all absorbing her thoughts, and all bringing more or less disturbing influences.

In the choice of a new house, there had been a difference of opinion between Mrs. Andrews and her husband, resulting in much unhappiness on both sides. He preferred one part of the city, and she another; he a roomy, but not very costly house; she one of rather imposing appearance, more ornamental than comfortable. Her will was strongest, and her wishes prevailed. But, in the conquest, if it might so be called, she lost more than she gained; for she lost a portion of her husband's affection. And her heart's quick instincts were not long in discovering the fact.

The new house, new furniture, and new friends that suddenly sprung up, absorbed a large portion of Mrs. Andrews' time, as well as thoughts, to the neglect of her children, and loss of real comfort in the household. But neglected children are not passive subjects: nor neglect in matters of domestic comfort, a thing of indifference. They will exist as painful realities; and this Mrs. Andrews soon proved, to her sorrow.

This, in brief, is a history of the year, in the waning light of which the husband and wife sat sighing over their disappointed hopes.

"Do you remember our first New Year's Eve?" said Mrs. Andrews, in a voice that some vivid recollection of the past had made tremulous with feeling. This was after a long silence.

For a few moments, her husband looked at her, before replying. Her question had thrown his thoughts back, and now the memory of a happier time was present.

"There have been none like it since, Anna." The words were spoken earnestly, but sadly. "And yet," he added, after a thoughtful silence, "this ought not to be. The years should grow brighter with sunshine; not darker with clouds. Something is wrong. Why, as the time goes on, should the pressure of care grow heavier, and our spirits, that desire rest and peace, find the ocean of life more vexed with storms, as the ship advances? Yes, Anna, I do remember that first New Year's Eve. Alas! how unlike the present!"

"We were poorer in this world's goods, but richer in feelings," said Mrs. Andrews. "That dear little library! There was a charm about it, never found in any of our richer apartments. The heart's warm sunshine fell all around it, and made every object beautiful."

"Something is wrong." Mr. Andrews repeated the words more earnestly. "If, since that first pleasant New Year's Eve, the sky above us has grown colder, the path rougher, and our hearts sadder, we cannot be on the road to happiness. If, with every advancing step, the sunshine continues to fade, we must be on the road to darkness, and not light."

"The light has grown dimmer, and yet we have been looking for the morning to break in brilliant sunshine!"

"Our external condition is improved," said Mr. Andrews. "We have a better home, and my business has greatly enlarged; yet, neither of these changes have brought the anticipated pleasure. You are not as happy amid all these elegant surroundings, and I am less satisfied with large gains in business, than I was when my income reached scarcely a third of its present amount. Yes, yes, something is wrong, and it behooves us to look well to our ways. If these are the penalties we pay for an improved worldly condition, then wealth must be a curse, instead of a blessing."

"If we set our hearts upon it," replied Mrs. Andrews, "it will prove a curse. And, dear husband, may not our error lie just here?"

Mr. Andrews did not reply for some minutes, during which time thought was very busy. He then said:

"It does lie just where you say, Anna. I am building too much on the mere accumulation of wealth, as a means of happiness, and you are permitting your eyes to be dazzled by the surface-glitter of the world around you. We are placing our highest good in mere external things, to the almost total neglect of what is internal, and therefore more real. What are wealth and elegance? What are honor and reputation? What are fine houses and grand villas, if the heart be dissatisfied? If each returning New Year's Eve find us sadder than before, are we not living in vain?"

"Dear husband!" said Mrs. Andrews, "let us begin the New Year in a wiser and better life. Come home to me, as of old, leaving the

world and its cares behind you; and I will strive, with an earnest spirit, to disperse all clouds, so that the sunshine may come in, as of old. Let us find, in every passing day, the treasure it brings to our door, and not lose the blessings we have, in a vain longing after some mere ideal good."

As they talked, the weight of sadness was lifted from their spirits. Even in truer thoughts and better purposes, there comes a measure of peace to the troubled heart; how much more, if thought and purpose give birth to action!

The evening closed more brightly than it began. Peace fluttered again above their hearts, seeking therein a nestling place.

"We will not forget the world within us, for the world without," said Mr. Andrews, closing the pages of a book, in which he read aloud to

his wife, as on their first New Year's Eve, "the internal, for the external; the riches of mind and heart, for the wealth that perishes in the using. Our feet have gone astray; but we are not such distant wanderers from the right path, that we may not find it again!"

Have you wandered, like them, reader, from the pleasant ways of life? Have you made the external of more importance than the internal? If so, pause, as the year wanes, and resolve to begin the next in a wiser subordination of things natural and worldly, to things moral, intellectual, and spiritual. Doing so, you will find, that, while you have seemed to see dimly, in the far distance, the beautiful garments of Peace, the fair goddess was knocking at the door of your heart, and vainly seeking an entrance.

ESTHER PHILLIPS' BRIDAL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was done, at last! With a long sigh of intense relief, I laid down my pen, just as the last day of November was saying good bye to me, and going out to meet the night.

Four weeks of rest lay before me. Rest—blessed rest—for tired brain and aching body! For three months had I sat before the little round table in my chamber, writing up the mellow autumn days, and longing sometimes, with a great, weary longing, to go out and lie down in the cool, crisp grass of the meadows, and look up, through the tree-branches, into the deep, sad, golden-blue sky—the sky, only of autumn.

But my stories *must* be ready for the January magazines. "Necessity has no law." Do you think I would have toiled out thus, for fame or pleasure, the autumn—that mellowest, ripest poem God's hand ever writes on the earth?

But, as I said, it was finished at last. I, Myra Darling, pushed away the manuscript, while the ink was not yet dry on the last lines, and walked to the window.

Winter had set in early, and a light fall of snow lay like a white frosting over the earth. The day, as I said, was going down to meet the night. Everything was cold, and bare, and gloomy outside. From a habit of motion which my fingers had acquired from constant writing, I involuntarily marked letters on the window-pane, and communed after this fashion with my heart: "Four weeks all to myself, to do just what I've a mind to with them! I can be just as lazy as I like; I can lounge around the old sitting-room, with Aunt Mercy and Grandpa to talk to me about the news and the neighbors, to their hearts' satisfaction—more than mine, I fancy."

"Then I've two new dresses to be made, and lots of reading to do. There's 'Queechy,' and Mrs. Stevens' 'Fashion and Famine' I've been longing to get hold of."

"But, after all, it isn't what I want—what I

need. This inward life—this living among my pens and books—is killing me. I need (body and soul) four weeks of new surroundings and experiences. I need an *outward* life—a life of observation and perception—a life among men and things—not among dreams and ideal beings."

"Myra, child," and Aunt Mercy came into the room, with that subdued, cautious kind of movement, which a fear of disturbing my writing always gave the kind soul, "I've a letter for you here. Grandpa just brought it from the office. Finished up at last?"

"Yes, Aunt Mercy, free as a bird in May boughs for the next four weeks. But the letter, please." I recognized the hand writing with a little shriek of joy.

My acquaintance with Esther Phillips dated but six months back. She was, like myself, an orphan; and the summer previous she had passed several weeks at the hotel in Meadow Brook, with her uncle.

She knew me—thanks to the magazines—and one afternoon the city belle and heiress walked down to our little cottage, and introduced herself. We clasped hands, we looked in each other's eyes, and down into each other's souls, and we were friends.

Esther Phillips was not beautiful, but she had one of those faces that *grow upon your love*.—Her features were too prominent, and her complexion too dark; but her smile was like a sudden outbreak of sunshine, and her large, clear gray-blue eyes were beautiful in their changes of light and shade, as a forest lake at sunrise.

Esther lived with her fashionable uncle and aunt, in one of the stone mansions on Fifth Avenue. They were childless, and Esther was their idol. But a few lines of her letter will best delineate her character, that is, if you have the soul and the heart to read it at all:

"I am weary of my life, Myra. It is the same sickening routine of fashionable frivolity and unsat-

isfying splendor that it was before I saw you, and you held out to my spirit a draught of new life. I am sick; heart, and mind, and soul sick. I am living a negation of all that is noblest, and deepest, and truest in me. I hearken, day by day, to the same vapid platitudes, the same insincere flatteries, and I have no power to deliver myself from the circumstances which hem me in on all sides.

"I am weak, and my soul wants the new strength it will find in the very tones of your voice, in the shining of your eyes.

"Come to me, Myra, come and talk to me true, good, honest words, such as only you, of all woman-kind, ever spoke to me! Come now, for I need you.

"In a little while, they say Mr. Treat and I are to be married, and I listen, and groan inwardly.

"The new gray granite house which is to be our future home, is nearly finished. It is to rival all its magnificent neighbors.

"Once more, and for the last time, come to me, Myra."

"Aunt Mercy," I said, laying down the letter, "I must go over to the dressmaker's before supper. Next week I am going to New York.

"Esther!"

"Myra!"

She came, it seemed to me, with a single bound down the broad staircase, her rich curls flying about her sweet face, and her eyes brightening between them like winter stars.

Then, after she had welcomed me with loving words, and many kisses trembling out on my forehead from her quivering lips, she carried me up the broad staircase to her own room.

What a contrast it was to my own! The soft velvety carpet, overstrewn with Genzano roses, and lilies with fresh, creamy lips breaking out of the dark green leaves; the crimson hangings; the dainty French bedstead, and the soft, perfumed air, made me think for a moment it was all a vision, and I had wandered into the country of my dreams again.

But Esther seated me in the massive arm-chair by the grate, and removed, with her own hands, my hat and shawl, murmuring all the while words of love and welcome, that made me feel at home in a little time.

"I am so glad you are come, darling! Aunt Minerva has gone out of town, to see about some old land deeds of her father's, which have made a world of dispute in the family. She will be gone a whole week."

The radiant face with which this last remark was added, was not a very flattering testimonial to that lady of her niece's regard.

"But your last letter was so mournful, so despairing. It was *that* brought me to you so quick."

The eyes, lighted up by the heart beneath, as a deep river lying in shadows is sometimes filled with sunset, grew sad again.

"I was despairing when I wrote it, for they told me next month I must marry him."

"So soon? Poor Esther!"

If I said it then, winding my arms about her, with the tears filling my eyes, how did I say it a little later when I learned all!

William Treat, (Esther's affianced husband,)

was a retired merchant, and rich. He was an old friend of her uncle's, for they had been schoolboys together, and five years before, the childless widower had looked on Esther, and said to her uncle, "She will make a splendid woman; I like her spirit; keep her for me."

"What a fortune she will marry!" triumphantly perorated Esther's aunt and uncle, after discussing the whole matter. And so their niece's fortune was settled.

She was coming into her fifteenth year then, and thought little about the matter, beyond the rides, and the beautiful presents Mr. Treat gave her. She liked him as well as she did her uncle. Indeed, he seemed to her very much like another. Her heart had not yet spoken.

But it did five years later!

Esther met Rufus Lee, a few weeks after her return from Meadow Brook. He was the nephew of her old nurse, and it was in the little back parlor of Mrs. Wilson's gable-roofed home, that the young minister and the plighted heiress first looked upon each other.

Mrs. Wilson was ill. Esther visited her frequently. Always she met there Rufus Lee. I need not write the rest; you have divined it.

One night (it was in the late autumn, and the day had gone out without her heeding it,) Esther sat chatting with the young minister and his invalid aunt, in the little gable-roofed home.

"What will aunt say to me; and it's quite dark out doors?" she cried, springing up in her haste, and hurrying out of the house, almost without an adieu.

There were footsteps by her side before she had gone many rods, and a voice, whose deep manly tones had grown to be her heart's sweetest music, was asking "You will not refuse to let me accompany you home this evening, Miss Phillips?"

In that walk from the brown house, he told her the sweetest words woman's ear ever listens to; the sweetest story the Angel of Memory ever writes and lays away in the "hidden closet" of a woman's soul.

But Esther heard it with a pang, and answered with a shudder, "*I am plighted to another.*"

They did not speak afterward. Only when she reached the steps of her home, he bent down and looked in her face. She did not know what he read there, but his own was white as one is when the coffin lid is screwed over it.

"Is there no hope?" he said.

And Esther thought of her proud uncle and aunt; of the princely home whose granite front was rising on Fifth Avenue, and she said one word, but it was the death sentence of two hearts. "*None.*"

They had never met since!

She told me all this, with her head lying in my lap, and my hand pityingly stroking the world of rich brown curls that fell over it.

Then we sat very quiet. My heart was aching for her.

"Have you never told your aunt this, Esther?"

"Goodness! Myra! You would not ask if

you knew her. She and Uncle Aaron would never forgive me for falling in love with a poor minister, and would only hasten my union with Mr. Treat."

"Tell him the whole, then; that you cannot love him as a wife should. Appeal to his generosity—anything, rather than perjure yourself with that ALTAR-LIE, the greatest woman can take on her own soul."

She shook her head, sadly. "It would do no good, Myra; he would not resign his claims."

"And so you expect to marry him—to give your young life to one that measures three times your own—to stain your soul with a false oath, and sell your heart, your mind, *yourself*, for money?"

"What can I do, Myra? My fate hems me in on all sides. There is none to counsel me. You are the only friend whose heart I can trust, and so I sent for you."

Perhaps, now, you are thinking my heroine was very weak—that by her own moral courage and strong will she should have met calmly and bravely all these circumstances, and *conquered* them?

I do not deny it. But look at her whole life—at her early training—at the warping, preventing influences that had ever surrounded her. Was not wealth, social aggrandisement, the *ultima* *thule* of her relatives' ambition? Had not their whole aim been, as is that of many another parent, to destroy all that is deepest, and freshest, and *best* in her?

And remembering all this, I looked at Esther, as she knelt there, with her bright head in my lap, and pitied her, though the single diamond that flashed that winter sunbeam over her small, white fingers, would have bought all I possessed on God's green earth.

"I will try and help you, Esther, I said, in my pity, though my heart was not very hopeful for her.

Two days had passed. Esther had one of "those faces that have a story to tell." I was thinking of this, as she leaned over her drawing that morning; and had you seen the new expression that had come over the full, sweet mouth, and the calmer intensity of the deep clear eyes, you would, if you are a physiognomist, have felt at once she had taken some new resolution to her soul;—taken it calmly, determinately.

There was a knock on the door, and a domestic entered.

"Mr. Treat sends his compliments, and this for Miss Phillips," she said.

There was no joy in Esther's face, as she unrolled the white papers from the package, and revealed the elegant jewel-case. The spring flew back, and there sleeping on their bed of snowy velvet, like stars, from which rolls back a fold of white March cloud, lay a set of diamonds—fitting gift for a millionaire to his betrothed.

Our eyes met. "It is your last chance, Esther. When Mr. Treat comes to-night, go down stairs with these in your hand, and a

strong purpose in your heart, and tell him all. Will you do this, darling?" And, leaning over her chair, I drew back her head, and looked down through her gray-blue eyes into her soul.

"I will do it, Myra," And she closed the jewel-case quietly.

It was late evening. I sat alone in Esther's chamber, where she had left me two hours before, in the shadow of the window-curtain, looking out on the stars. Large and bright as they always are on a clear winter night, they leaned down to me, for I had gone to them to find quiet, for my heart was troubled.

It calmed me to look on those stars; to have them speak their deep, solemn, glorious messages to me—for they have a language—and, though the lips cannot interpret, the soul hears it. So I sat by the window, often praying for, always pitying Esther.

At last she burst into the chamber.

"Myra, are you here?" for the room was dark, and I had not lighted the gas.

"Yes, by the window, where you left me."

She came up to me. "I have told him all, and it has done no good. Oh, Myra, I wish, when my mother laid down to die, seventeen years ago, she had wound her arms around me, and taken me with her!"

The full moon was toppling over the tall roofs of the houses opposite, and by it I saw the white, working face of Esther Phillips. I cannot recall what I said, or did, just then. I know that I talked very earnestly for awhile, and afterward that she lay quiet and exhausted, with her head on my lap.

I did not learn, until several days subsequent, all that had occurred that night between Esther and her betrothed, but I knew enough. She had, in accordance with my advice, secured the gentleman's promise of secrecy, and then, returning to him his gift of the morning, Esther had honestly, truthfully, told him all that was in her heart.

"I cannot be to you a true and a loving wife," she said; "I am not responsible in that I have promised to be this, for I was but a child when you sought me, morally and mentally subjugated by others. You have been very kind, very generous to me; but I should only sell myself, were I to marry you. Let us be always the truest of friends, and forgive me that I cannot love you."

"I may forgive you, Esther, but I cannot resign you. It is too late now, for the world knows our engagement. You *must* be my wife," answered the millionaire.

And then, in her despair, Esther told him of her love for another.

He was angry, almost fiercely so; but, (and I think despite his want of all manliness and soul nobility, the man must have loved her,) he would not relinquish her.

Harsh words were spoken between him and his young betrothed; and at last, Esther rose up, and stood proudly, defiantly before him.

"You may compel me to marry you, but

remember, if I do, God alone can keep me from taking you!" And she left him.

"There is nothing more that can be done, is there, Myra?" She moaned over the words, as she lay there.

"I hope so, Esther. God always opens a gate, when the way seems hedged up all around us. But this terrible scene has completely exhausted you, darling. It is best you should retire now; and, in the morning, we will see what we can do."

Esther had one of those sensitive, nervous organizations, which are the frequent accompaniment of deep, intense natures like her own. The excitement and suffering of the evening had completely prostrated her, and she followed my suggestions like a very little child.

That night, while I lay on my sleepless pillow, (for my anxiety for Esther chased away all repose,) a scheme for her deliverance flashed across my bewildered brain.

It was a bold one, very bold, for such a timid, minosa nature as mine, to plan and achieve. But it was Esther's only salvation. Long, very long, I revolved the plan in my own mind; and I know that far off, the gray fets of the new day were coursing over the hills of Meadow Brook, when I sunk to sleep.

There it stood—Nurse Wilson's house! I knew it at once, as I cast my eyes eagerly up the long street, and saw its yellow-brown front and gable roof.

My heart was very strong, and I stepped boldly up, and lifted the great brass knocker.

An old woman, dressed in black, with a mild, winning face, came to the door. I recognized her at once, from Esther's description; and as I had left that young lady surreptitiously, I inquired abruptly: "Can you tell me, my dear madam, where I can see your nephew, the Rev. Rufus Lee?"

"He is here now; he came round not more than five minutes ago. Will you walk in?" looking at me, with some curiosity.

"I will thank you, if you will permit me to see him alone, a few moments!" And I entered the house.

He came into the little parlor, where the moments I had awaited him seemed like so many hours. His face was thin and pale, with dark, half melancholy eyes, that seemed not so much to look at my face, as at the heart beyond it—a mouth grave and self-reliant, but whose smile I felt, intuitively, must be a very sweet one.

"Mr. Lee, I believe? I am Miss Phillips' friend, Myra Darling," was my informal presentation.

He answered, with newly-lighted eyes, as he grasped my hand, "I have heard her speak of you often!"

We sat down together, and, for the next half hour, I talked very earnestly—sometimes with tears in my eyes. I cannot remember what I said; I never can, when my subject—not my ideas—engrosses me.

I remember that pair of dark, bright eyes, looking all the time into mine—a few quivers

crossing the proud mouth; and, at last, the one question, eager, yet husky with emotion: "You are certain, very certain, that I possess Esther's heart?"

"Certain! because she has solemnly assured me of it! Of course she does not dream of my coming here. But her aunt will return next week; and, what is done, must be done quickly."

I have since asked the Rev. Mr. Lee, whether himself or I first suggested the idea of his marrying Esther, without the knowledge of her relatives; but he could not answer me. Of one thing, I am confident, however; he told me he had been recently appointed pastor of a pleasant country parish, some two hundred miles from New York, and he had anticipated leaving the city the next day, to enter upon his new parochial duties.

Did his religion and his position demand that he should leave the woman of his love, to a life that would to her be worse than death?

It was a question the young minister's conscience asked, and, I believe, answered.

"To-morrow night, at seven o'clock, Mr. Lee!"

"To-morrow night, at seven o'clock, my good angel!" He clasped and kissed the hands I gave him; and so we parted.

I returned to Esther's. It was her aunt's reception morning; and, though Mrs. Phillips was absent, the parlors were crowded with visitors to her niece. She had not discovered my absence. Poor Esther! I looked at her smiling face, and thought of the aching heart which it masked!

I did not tell her of my visit and its results, until evening, for I had no opportunity, and it was as well. No wonder there was no sleep for either of us that night.

I look back now, and wonder at my calmness through all the next day. I went about quietly, packing my own trunk and Esther's, and making all the necessary arrangements for our departure. A severe headache, induced by the excitement, kept her perfectly quiescent; and I would not permit her to leave her bed until noon, knowing she would require all her physical and mental strength for the evening.

Everything favored us. Her uncle came to an early tea, and informed us some business engagements would keep him from home till a late hour.

It was seven at last. The deep voices of the city clocks were telling it to each other, when Esther and I stood on the steps of Nurse Wilson's yellow-brown house.

Ten minutes before, the heiress of one of the richest merchants on Wall street, the betrothed of a millionaire, had turned her last, tearful glance, on the stately home from which she was shutting herself out forever!

"Esther!"

"Rufus!"

It was all that was spoken, as the minister met us at the front door, and led us into the little parlor. Mrs. Wilson and the clergyman were there. We left the young couple alone,

perhaps for a half hour; and, when we returned, all traces of agitation had vanished from Esther's face, and she said, with her old, beaming smile, "I am quite ready now!"

And so, in the small front parlor, with no witnesses but Mrs. Wilson and myself, were Rufus Lee and Esther Phillips married!

What a contrast that marriage was to the one they had destined for the bride! I thought of the gorgeous parlors, with their floods of silver lamp-shine, with the rich fragrance of rare exotics surging through them—the flashing of many jewels, the envying gaze of a thousand guests; and yet, thinking on all these things, I said to myself: "But this wedding is the richer one—for love is here—and what are diamonds, and palaces, and admiring crowds without it?"

Esther's marriage quite electrified the people of Fifth Avenue, and well nigh maddened her relatives and Mr. Treat. They have never met since.

But I left her very happy in her little, shadowy, cosy parsonage-house; and that fair, sweet face of the young bride seems beaming up to me now, as it did on the day that we parted, and she said to me, "If it had not been for our good angel, where would Rufus and I be now?"

And so I, Myra Darling, have come back to my cottage-home, to the little chamber, and my old place at the round table. The hills and the meadows wear the deep frosting of January—but there is no winter in my heart—for I have *lived*, not *written*, a great truth in my absence!

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE.—A worthy old colored woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street, on some errand to a neighboring store, with her tobacco-pipe in her mouth, quietly smoking. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down the street, and when opposite our good Phillis, saucily crowded her aside, and with a pass of his hand, knocked her pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment, when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and giving him a dignified look of sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do!" It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar; he felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tear started in his eye; he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and thrusting both hands into his two full pockets of "change," forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother, I'll never do so again."

ANECDOTE OF REV. JOHN WESLEY.—When Mr. Wesley visited America, he sailed in the same vessel with General Oglethorpe, the Governor of Georgia. Hearing an unusual noise in the General's cabin, he went to inquire the cause of it. "Mr. Wesley," the old soldier fumed out, "You must excuse me. I have met with a provocation too great for a man to bear. You know the only wine I drink, is Cyprus wine, as it agrees with me better than any other. I therefore provided myself with several dozens, and this villain Grimaldi (his foreign servant, who stood by almost dead with fear,) has drank up the whole of it. But I will be revenged. I ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me, for I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, "you never sin." The general was confounded. Putting his hand into his pocket, he took out his bunch of keys,

which he threw at Grimaldi, saying, "There, sir, behave better for the future." A word spoken in due season, how good it is!

LITTLE PITCHERS WITH GREAT EARS.—"Mother," said little Agnes, "what made you marry father? You told Aunt Charlotte you had all the money."

"Hush, child! what are you talking about? I did not say so."

"Why, yes, mother—you said he was poor, and had you thought of being burdened with so many 'country cousins,' as you call them, you never would have had him. Don't you like Aunt Phebe, and Aunt Polly, and Aunt Judy? I'm sure I do."

"Why, Agnes, you are crazy, I believe! When did you ever hear your mother talk so? Tell me instantly."

"Yesterday, ma, when I sat in the back parlor, and you and aunt were in the front one. I'm sure you said so, dear mother, and I pity you very much—for you told aunt there was a time, before I was born, when father drank too much—and then, you know, you spoke of the 'pledge,' and said how glad you were that the temperance reform saved him."

"My dear, I was talking of somebody else, I think. We were speaking of uncle and his family."

"But they have no Agnes, mother, and you know you told about father's failure in business—uncle never failed. And you said, too, when you moved in this house, your money paid for everything, but the world did not know it, and—"

"You've told quite enough, my child. What do you stay listening in my back parlor for, when I send you up stairs to study! It has come to a pitiful pass, if your aunt and I must have all our privacy retailed in this way. I suppose you have already told your father all you heard?"

"No mother, I haven't, because I thought it would hurt his feelings. I love my father, and I never tell him anything to make him unhappy."

Agnes sat looking in the fire, and asked, "Mother, if people really love others, do they ever talk against them? Didn't you tell me never to speak of any home difficulty; and if Edward and I say wrong words, you tell me never to repeat them, and *I never do.*"

"Agnes," said the rebuked mother, "listeners are despicable characters. Don't you let me know of your doing the like again. *You don't hear right*, and you make a great deal of mischief in this way."



THE DEAD.

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee;
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Saviour hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the sound thou didst hear was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, thy Guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

CLEVER FELLOWS.—People who spend fifteen dollars every time they earn ten.

WHY SHOULD the tailors be formed into a regiment of heavy dragoons? Ans. Because they are splendid fellows for charging.

If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—defended you when persecuted and troubled, be sure to sustain him in his adversity.

NEVER FORSAKE a friend. When enemies gather thick and fast around him—when sickness falls heavy on his heart—when the world is dark and cheerless, this is the time to try true friendship.

WE ARE not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that must be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily.

THE APPROBATION of our families, who are with us in our secret hours, hear our private converse, know the habits of our lives, and the bent of our dispositions, is, or should be, to us, far more pleasing and triumphant than the shouts of the multitude, or the worship of the world.

"A LIGHTED lamp," writes M'Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and it burns calmly, and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are within the house." And so there is a quiet influence, which, like a flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

EACH SEPARATE Christian home has been likened to a central sun; around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing, and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say, I have no influence? What sorrow, or what happiness lies in the power of each!

WHEN THE political editor says that the remarks of some adversary "are amusing," be sure that he feels about as much "amused" as a boy stung with nettles. If falsehood, calumnies, vituperative language and double-dealing "amuse," we know of some political hacks who must be the merriest people alive.

A TOURIST who was lately at the Alps, writes:—"I was lost in rapture and amazement, and was in all the enjoyment which such a scene inspires, when I was disturbed in my reverie by the heavy breathing of a man, better described as puffing and blowing. I turned round, and beheld the very type and figure of a railway contractor. He looked at me, and, putting his huge paw upon my shoulder, asked, in such a voice, 'His them the Halps?'"

A LOVELESS HOME.—There is no loneliness, says Mrs. Ellis, there can be none in all the waste or peopled deserts of the world, bearing the slightest comparison with that of an unloved wife! She stands amidst her family like a living statue amongst the marble memorials of the dead—instinct with life, yet paralyzed with death—the burning tide of natural feeling circling round her heart—the thousand channels frozen, through which the feelings ought to flow.

SHOW YOUR TRUE HEART.—Wife—"Why don't you call oftener? you might. Now, do call, and be sociable." [Gate closes.] "There, I'm glad she's gone." Husband—"If you are glad she's gone, why did you press her to come again so urgently?" Wife—"Because we've got to keep up appearances, you know." Husband—"Well, I don't believe in false colors. Show your true heart, say I, and the result will be a few true friends, whom we shall always be glad to see indeed."

A LITTLE bad luck is beneficial now and then. If Patrick Henry had not failed in the grocery business, it is not at all probable that he would ever have been heard of as an orator. He might have become celebrated, but it would not have been from his eloquence, but the great wealth he acquired by a speculation in bar soap and axe handles. Roger Sherman became a signer of the Declaration of Independence for no other reason than that he could not make a living at shoe-making. He cut bristles and staked his "all" on the "rights of man." The consequence was, that the same individual who found it bootless to make shoes, in a few years became a living power in our revolution.

GOING TO LAW.—Upward of eighty years ago there was in the town of Hatherleight, in the county of Devon, an inn, known by the name of the Clients' Arms. There was a swinging sign-board, on one side of which was painted a man stripped of his coat and waistcoat, exclaiming: "I've been to law and have won." And on the other side of this sign-board was painted a man stark naked, crying out: "Oh! what shall I do? I have been to law, and have lost."

The origin was this. Two men had a dispute about a little spot of land, respecting which they could not agree; recourse was had to legal proceedings, which ended in the verdict of a jury. The man against whom the verdict was given, could not pay the costs, and the winner had to pay all his own. In fact, the loser was stripped of all his property; the victor was obliged to sell his little estate; then took an inn, and set up the above-mentioned sign as a warning to others. Some of the descendants are now living.



Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

PARLOR PASTIMES.

THE MAGIC WAND.—The principal performer attires himself in a robe, paper cap, spectacles, and other appointments necessary to the complete outfit of the Wizard of the North, or any point of the compass he may choose to fix on. He is armed with a magic wand, by means of which he is supposed to exercise his mysterious calling, and with which he makes a circle on the ground—muttering, at the same time, the unearthly words of some potent spell. After communing profoundly for some minutes with some imaginary familiar, he appears decided, and touches one of his confederates with his wand, ordering him to go to the other end of the room, and there blindfold his eyes. This order executed, and the audience satisfied that the confederate is really blindfolded, the wizard orders him to summon up all his skill, and guess the person on whom the wand shall rest. He (the wizard) then proceeds to touch several persons lightly with the wand, saying, at each, "the wand moves;" and at length letting it rest on the shoulder of the *person who has last spoken*, (the key to the trick,) exclaims, "the wand rests!" The confederate will at once name the person touched, who (being a confederate also,) has purposely *spoken last*. The latter then takes the place of the first accomplice, and the wizard touches the players with his wand as before; his accomplices, without any apparent design, exciting the uninitiated to talk. Silence is then called for, and the wizard immediately touches the *last speaker*, (this time one not in the secret,) who is immediately named by the blindfolded confederate, with whom he changes places. He then has to *guess* the player touched, (having no knowledge of the trick to guide him,) and for each mistake pays a forfeit. Chance may enable him to hit upon the right one, and he is succeeded by a seer equally unskilled, who, in his turn, will be found to contribute largely to the public treasury. The wizard himself may resign his post to a confederate, and take the place of the seer, when he will startle the company by the correctness

of his powers of divination. The interest and mystification of the trick, if properly managed, may be kept up for a considerable time. Meanwhile, numbers, fancying they have discovered the secret, and wishing to put their theories on the subject into practice, will produce more forfeits than can well be disposed of. At the end of the game, when the trick has been exposed, the indignant public may turn the tables on the diabolical professors, and insist upon their being burnt for witchcraft. To appease this tumult, and escape the terrible punishment with which they are threatened, the witches or sorcerers will be only too happy to perform any act of penance that may be imposed upon them.

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a loungee stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, etc., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar!" said the loungee; "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the loungee asked, "Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes; he is in the printing-office."

"I want to see him," said the loungee.

Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the loungee, with book in hand, addressed him thus: "Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter? Why, your young man asked only a dollar!"

"True," said Franklin; "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar than, than to have been taken out of the office."

The loungee seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said, "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"One dollar and a half? Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounge paid down the price, and went about his business, if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing-office.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE.

Should a ploughshare, or any other iron instrument, be suffered to remain a few nights exposed to the action of the moist atmosphere, it will acquire a coating of a brown color, termed rust. This is caused by the oxygen of the air uniting with the iron, and forming an oxide. It is owing to iron, in this condition of oxidation, that a brown or yellow color is communicated to clay, sand, &c.

In cutting an apple with a polished steel knife, the part of the blade which has come into contact with the fruit, will have been observed to have become black, as if stained with ink. This stain is occasioned by the acid of the apple, (malic,) combining with the iron, and freeing from it the carbon with which it was united, in the formation of the material,—steel.

By rubbing an unripe apple upon a grater, and washing the portion which is rasped off, in cold water, starch will be collected; which starch, had the apple been suffered to remain until ripe, would have been converted into sugar, forming the sweet juice of the fruit.

THE TEN WORKMEN OF MOTHER GREEN WATER.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

The winter evenings have commenced at William's farm. After the work of the day, all the family assembles round the fireside, and a few neighbors come to join them there; for, in these solitary valleys of the Vosges, the houses are thinly scattered, and neighborhood constitutes a kind of relationship.

It is there, round the fire of fir-apples, that intimacies are formed or strengthened. The pleasant heat of the fire, the joy at meeting, the excitement of the conversation, promote confidence; hearts open to each other unwittingly; minds unite in a thousand ways; they put in common that inward life, without which the other is only an appearance, but which only reveals itself at these hours.

Occasionally, their cousin Prudence herself, in spite of the distance, came to take a part in the proceedings of the evening, and that, indeed, is a joyful occasion at the farm; for he is the cleverest story-teller of the district. He knows not only all that the Fathers have related, but also what is contained in books; he knows the origin of all the old dwellings, and

the history of all the old families; he has learned the names of the large stones, covered with moss, which stand upon the heights, like pillars, or like altars; he is, in short, the chronicle of the country and its learning; he is, moreover, the wisdom of it; he has learned to *read hearts*, and it is very seldom that he does not discover the cause of the evil which torments them. Other people know of remedies for the infirmities of the body; the old peasant, on his part, knows how to cure the sorrow of the mind; and it is on that account that the popular voice has given him the respected name of the Goodman Prudence.

This is the first time, since the New year, that he has appeared at the evening meeting, and everybody, on seeing him, has called out with joy. They have given him the best place near the fireside; they have made a circle round him; William has taken his pipe, and just sat down opposite. The Goodman Prudence has, by turns, inquired about everybody, and everything; he has wished to know where they had left off sowing the seed, if the last foal was growing strong, and how the poultry yard was getting on. The young farmer's wife has answered *all* his questions without over-much eagerness, indeed, as if her thoughts were elsewhere; for the beautiful Martha often thinks of the great village where she was brought up!—She pines for the dances under the elm trees, for the long walks along the corn fields, with the young girls who laughed and joked as they gathered the wild flowers in the hedges, and for the long gossipings at the baking-house, and at the well. Martha also very often rests with her arms hanging down, and her pretty head reclining, when her thoughts travel back to the past.

This evening again, when the other women are working, the farmer's wife is seated before her spinning-wheel, which does not turn; the distaff continues at her girdle, full of flax, and her fingers play heedlessly with the piece of thread which is hanging on her knees.

The Goodman Prudence has observed everything with the corner of his eye, but without saying anything, for he knows that counsels are like bitter medicines which people give to children; in order to make them be accepted, it is necessary to choose the means and the moment. Nevertheless, the family and the neighbors surround him.

"Goodman Prudence, a Tale! a Tale!"

The countryman smiled, and cast a side glance towards Martha, still unoccupied.

"That is to say," said he, "it is necessary to pay entrance-money here; very well, it shall be done according to your will, my good people.—On the last occasion, I spoke to you about the old times, when the armies of the Pagans ravaged our mountains; that was a narrative made for the men. To day I shall speak (if it pleases you) for the women and the little children. It is necessary that each should have his turn.—We, then, were occupied with Cæsar; we shall now, for this hour, pass to Mother Green Water."

Every one shouted with laughter; they ar-

ranged themselves quickly; William relighted his pipe; and the Goodman Prudence resumed:—

"This tale, my dear friends, is not of those which are left to nurses, and you might read it in the Almanack with the true stories; for the adventure happened to our grandmother Charlotte, whom William knew, and who was a woman of wonderful courage. Grandmother Charlotte had once been young, which one could scarcely credit when one saw her gray locks, and her nose almost touching her chin when she spoke; but those of her own age said that no girl had a better countenance, nor a disposition more inclined for cheerfulness. Unfortunately, Charlotte had remained alone with her father, at the head of a large farm, which was burdened with more debts than with revenues, so that work succeeded to work, and the poor girl, who was not made for so many cares, fell into despair, and set herself to do *nothing*, in order to try and find out the means of doing *everything*. One day, therefore, that she was sitting before the door, with both her hands under her apron, as a lady who has chilblains, she began to say to herself in a low voice—'God forgive me, the task which has been assigned me is not one for a Christian woman; and it is a great pity that I alone am tormented, at my age, with so many cares! Although I were to be more diligent than the sun, more swift than water, and stronger than fire, I should not get through all the work of the house. Ah! why is the Good Fairy Green Water no longer in this world, or why was she not invited to my baptism? If she could hear me, and if she was willing to help me, perhaps we could get rid—I of my care, and my father of his discomfort.'

"Be then satisfied; behold me!" interrupted a voice.

"And Charlotte perceived Mother Green Water standing before her, looking at her, and supported on a small stick of holly. For the first instant, the young girl was afraid, for the fairy was attired in a garment seldom used in the country; she was clothed entirely with a frog's skin, the head of which served as a hood, and she herself was so ugly, so old, and so wrinkled, that even with a dowry of a million she could not have found a husband. However, Charlotte set about quick enough, to ask the fairy, Green Water, in a voice rather tremulous, but very polite, what she could do for her.

"It is I who come to *serve you*," replied the old woman. "I have heard your complaint, and I have brought you what will get you out of trouble."

"Ah! Are you in earnest, good mother?" cried Charlotte, who grew familiar all at once. "Do you come to give me a piece of your wand, with which I shall be able to do all my work with ease?"

"Better than that," replied Green Water; "I bring you ten little workmen, who will execute all that you may please to order them."

"Where are they?" cried the young girl.

"You shall see them directly."

"The old woman opened up her cloak, and ten dwarfs of unequal size came forth. The two first were very sharp, but large and strong.

"These," added she, "are the most vigorous; they will help you in all the works, and will make up to you in *strength* what they want in *dexterity*. Those whom you see, and who follow them, are taller and more skillful; they know how to milk cows, how to draw flax from the distaff, and will attend to all the household works. Their brothers, whose high shape you may remark, are chiefly clever at their needle, as is proved by the little brass thimble with which I have decked them. Here are two others, less learned, who have a ring for their girdle, and who can do little beyond assisting in the general work; as well as the last, whose good will you most especially value. I dare say that all the ten will appear to you as of very little moment; but you shall see them now at work, and you shall judge of them."

"At these words the old woman made a signal, and the ten dwarfs started out. Charlotte saw them execute successively the most rough and the most delicate works. They applied themselves to everything, accomplished everything, put everything in order. Utterly amazed, she gave a cry of joy; and stretching out her arms towards the fairy—'Ah! Mother Green Water,' cried she, 'lend me these ten workmen, and I shall ask nothing more from the Creator of the world.'

"I shall do better," replied the fairy; "I shall give them to you—only as you could not carry them about with you everywhere without being accused of sorcery, I shall order each of them to diminish himself, and hide themselves in your ten fingers." When this was accomplished: "You know now," resumed Mother Green Water, "what treasure you possess; all will depend on the use you make of it. If you do not know how to govern your little servants, if you allow them to grow stupid in idleness, you will derive no benefit from them; but direct them well; and, lest they should fall asleep, never leave your fingers at rest, and the work with which you were wont to be frightened, will find itself done as by enchantment."

"The fairy had spoken the truth; and our grandmother, who followed her advice, succeeded, not only in re-establishing the affairs of the farm, but she managed to gain a dowry, with which she married happily, and which aided her in bringing up eight children in ease and honesty.

Ever since, it is a tradition amongst us that she has transmitted Mother Green Water's workers to all the women of the family; and that, however little they may bestir themselves, the little workmen put themselves in action, and cause us to profit greatly. Also, we are accustomed to say amongst us, that it is in the movement of the ten fingers of the housekeeper that all the prosperity, all the joy, and all the good living of the house consist."

In pronouncing these last words, the Goodman Prudence had turned himself towards Martha. The young woman blushed deeply,

lowered her eyes, and took up her distaff.—William and his cousin exchanged looks. All the family in silence reflected on the history just related. Each sought to understand its full meaning, and each applied its lesson to himself; but the farmer's pretty wife had already understood that which was addressed to her, for cheerfulness had again returned to her countenance, her wheel went round rapidly, and the flax was disappearing from her distaff.

THE GOOD ARE BEAUTIFUL.

"Oh! what an ugly little creature."

"She will be beautiful in heaven, ma'am," replied a lady.

"Will she, indeed!" returned the individual who spoke so lightly of the homely child. "I should like to know how you can tell that?"

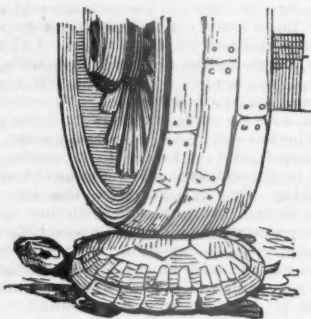
"In the other life," returned the woman, "the good are all beautiful, and the evil deformed and ugly. No matter how fair a face a person may have had in this life, it will, in the next world, be changed into beauty or ugliness, according as he has been good or evil."

"How do you know this?" inquired the first speaker.

"Any one who opens his eyes may see and know that this will be true," was replied. "Is not the most beautiful face rendered disagree-

able when any bad passion is felt and exhibited? And does not the homeliest face become pleasant to look upon, when good affections are in the heart? In the other life, we shall all appear as we really are, and, of course, evil passions will deform the face, and good affections make it beautiful. And she will be beautiful in heaven, for she is a good little girl, homely as her face now is."

And the woman was right.



A HARD-SHELL.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

If in cities we have many luxuries, comforts, and advantages unknown elsewhere, we miss the pure, invigorating atmosphere,—the freedom and health which those who live in the country enjoy. One of the most delightful and health-giving recreations, that of horse-back riding, is, in the city, a costly luxury; while, in the country, horses are a necessary part of almost every home arrangement, and all the children, from four-year old Johnny, up to Miss Ada, the reigning belle of the neighborhood, can ride with safety and ease. You can imagine the happy rider, in the picture, to be Miss Ada, bounding away on her pony, and accompanied by her favorite Bruno. It is a pleasant sight, and will quicken the blood in the veins of many who look upon it, and revive in others' hearts an old longing for the woods and fields, and fragrant airs of the country.



Hints to Housekeepers.

[The following directions for making various kinds of soup, are taken from a cheap and excellent little book, called "The American Home Cook Book," published in New York, by Garrett & Co.:]

SOUPS AND BROTHS.

The chief art in making good soup lies in the judicious blending of the different flavors, so that nothing shall predominate.

The scum should be taken off before the soup boils, or it will not be clear. All the fat is to be taken off.

Simmer very softly. If soup be suffered to boil quickly, the goodness of the meat can never be extracted.

Put the meat into cold water; let it be long on the fire before it comes to a boil; allow about two table-spoonfuls of salt to a gallon of soup, if it have many vegetables; less if the vegetables be few.

If the water waste, and more is to be added, use boiling water. Cold or lukewarm water will spoil the soup.

Keep the pot in which your soup is boiling closely covered, or the strength will fly off with the steam.

Soup will be as good the second day as the first, if heated to the boiling point. It should never be left in the pot, but should be turned into a dish or shallow pan, and set aside to get cold. Never cover it up, as that will cause it to turn sour very quickly.

Before heating a second time, remove all the fat from the top. If this be melted in, the flavor of the soup will certainly be spoiled.

Thickened soups require nearly double the seasoning used for thin soups or broth.

Soups are the substance of meat infused in water by boiling, and are of many different kinds, but may be divided into two classes, namely: *brown* and *white*. The basis of brown soups is always beef, while the basis of white soups is generally veal. Broths are preparations of soup, but more simple in their nature, and usually containing some kind of vegetables, or matter for thickening, as rice, barley, &c.—Soups of every description should be made of sound, fresh meat, and soft water. It is a general rule to allow a quart of water for every pound of meat; also, to boil quickly at first, to make the scum rise, which is assisted by adding a little salt; and, after skimming, to simmer gently.

TO MAKE BROWN OR GRAVY SOUP.—Take a shin or piece of the rump of beef, and break it in several places. Cut the beef from the bones; take out part of the marrow, and lay it on the bottom of the pot. If there be no marrow, use

butter. Then lay in the meat and bones to brown. Turn the whole, when browned on one side, and take care it does not burn. When it is thoroughly browned, add a pint of cold water to draw the juice from the meat; also a little salt; and in a quarter of an hour after, fill in the quantity of cold water that may be requisite.—Now add the vegetables, as, for instance, two carrots, a turnip, and three or four onions, all sliced; also, a stalk of celery, some sweet herbs, with some whole black pepper. Let the soup boil slowly for from four to five hours; after which take it off, and let it stand a little to settle. Then skim off the fat, and put it through a hair sieve to clear it. The soup, if cleared, may now be either served or set aside for after use. It should have a clear, bright look, with a brownish tinge. Frequently, it is made the day before using, in order that it may be effectually skimmed of fat. In such a case it is heated again before serving. On some occasions, it is served with a separate dish of toasted bread, cut in small squares.

The meat which has made the soup, is supposed to be divested of nearly all its nourishing qualities; but where thriftiness is consulted, it may form an agreeable stew, with vegetables, a little ketchup, and pepper and salt.

BROWN SOUP, made as above directed, forms what is called *stock*; that is, a foundation for every other soup of the brown kind; also as a gravy for stews where richness is required.

BEEF OR MUTTON SOUP.—Boil very gently in a closely covered saucepan, four quarts of water, with two table-spoonfuls of sifted bread raspings, three pounds of beef cut in small pieces, or the same quantity of mutton chops taken from the middle of the neck; season well with pepper and salt; add two turnips, two carrots, two onions, and one head of celery, all cut small; let it stew with these ingredients four hours, when it will be ready to serve.

CHEAP BROTH FOR A LARGE FAMILY.—Put a cupful of pearl barley into a pot with three quarts of cold water, and let it boil; then put in two pounds of neck of mutton; boil it gently for an hour, taking care to skim it occasionally, and watch it to prevent it boiling over. Then put in one grated carrot, and two turnips cut in small squares; an onion or two, sliced thin, or a leek, and two or three pieces of carrot and turnip, uncut. Some persons add the half of a small cabbage, chopped small; boil for an hour longer, have some bits of stale bread cut into fingers laid in the bottom of your tureen, pour the soup over it, and send to table.

WHITE SOUP.—Take a knuckle of veal, or two or three short shanks; boil it in four quarts of water about four hours, with some whole white

pepper, a little mace, salt, two onions, and a small piece of lean ham; strain it, and when cold, take off all the sediment; beat up six yolks of eggs, and mix them with a pint of cream; then pour the boiling soup upon it.—Boil the cream before putting it in the soup.

PLAIN CALF'S HEAD SOUP.—Boil the head in just enough water to cover it; when tender, remove the bones, cut the meat in small pieces, and season with sweet herbs, cloves, pepper, and salt. Put all back into the pot with the liquor, and thicken it with a little batter; stew gently for an hour, and just as you dish it up, add a glass or two of sherry wine, and the yolks of a few eggs, boiled hard.

MOCK TURTLE SOUP.—Take a calf's head, the skin having been scalded, and the hair scraped off clean, wash it thoroughly; take out the brains and boil them separately till done enough. Put the head into a pot with more water than will cover it. Skim it frequently till it boils, and let it boil for an hour, but very gently. Take it out, and when cool cut the meat into pieces of about an inch square.—Scrape and cut the tongue in the same manner. Lay all these pieces aside; then put into the water in which the head was boiled, about three or four pounds of leg of beef, and a knuckle of veal—the meat out small and the bones broken. Add four or five onions, a carrot and turnip, sliced, a small bunch of sweet herbs, and some whole black pepper. Boil all together slowly, for four or five hours; then strain it and let it cool, when take off the fat. Now melt a lump of butter in a stew-pan, put to it two handfuls of flour, and let it brown, stirring it all the time. Add a little of the soup, and a few sprigs of parsley. Boil this for a quarter of an hour, strain it through a sieve, put it, with the pieces of meat, into the soup, with the brains pounded, and boil all together for an hour. Add half a teacupful of ketchup, the juice of a lemon, cayenne pepper, and salt, to taste; also, four glasses of sherry; and, when dished in a tureen, put in two dozen force-meat balls, and the same quantity of egg-balls, which are made as follows:—

EGG-BALLS.—Boil four or five eggs till they are quite hard. Take out the yolks and beat them in a mortar, with salt and cayenne pepper. Make this into a paste with the white of egg. Roll the paste into balls the size of small marbles. Roll them in a little flour, and fry them in butter, taking care they do not break.

FORCE-MEAT BALLS.—Cut half a pound of veal and half a pound of suet fine, and beat them in a mortar. Have a few sweet herbs shred fine; dried mace beaten fine; a small nutmeg grated; a little lemon-peel cut very fine; a little pepper and salt, and the yolks of two eggs; mix all these well together, then roll them in little round balls; roll them in flour and fry them brown. If for white sauce, put them in a little boiling water, and boil them for a few minutes, but do not fry them.

SOUP A LA JULIENNE, OR VEGETABLE.—Cut various kinds of vegetables in pieces, celery, car-

rots, turnips, onions, &c., and having put two ounces of butter in the bottom of a stew-pan, put the vegetables on the top of the butter, together with any others that may be in season; stew or fry them over a slow fire, keeping them stirred, and adding a little of the stock occasionally; soak small pieces of crust of bread in the remainder of the broth or stock, and when the vegetables are nearly stewed, add them, and warm the whole up together.

PEAS SOUP.—This is an excellent soup, if well made, and is one of the cheapest soups that can be put on the table, for it may be formed of cold meat or marrow bone, or, what is cheaper still, merely water, or the liquor in which any piece of mutton, lamb, or veal, has been boiled. We give the following two recipes for making it:—

PEAS SOUP WITH MEAT OR BONES.—Take a good marrow-bone, or the bones of cold roast beef; a slice or shank of ham may be added, if the flavor be liked. Break the bones, and put them in the pot with four quarts of cold water. According to the thickness and quantity required, take two or three pounds of the best split peas, and put them among the cold water and bones; add to this two carrots, two turnips, half a dozen small onions, a stalk of celery cut in pieces, a bunch of thyme, and some whole black pepper. Let all this boil for two hours, stirring frequently, as the soup is very apt to burn.—When the peas are quite soft and broken down, take the soup off and put it through a sieve, into another pot; rub it well through until the pulp be mixed with the soup. Add salt melted amongst a little water, and boil the soup again for a few minutes. When to be served, cut a slice of toasted bread into small square pieces, and put in the tureen with the soup.

PEAS SOUP WITHOUT MEAT OR BONES.—Put two pounds or pints of peas in five quarts of water. Boil for four hours; then add three or four large onions, two heads of celery, a carrot and a turnip, all cut up; and season with salt to taste. Boil for two hours longer. If the soup become too thick, add a little water. The peas may be boiled the evening before being used, and the longer they boil, the smoother and more mellow the soup will be; but do not put in the vegetables until the day the soup is to be used. By this plan the soup does not require straining.

CLAM SOUP.—Take forty or fifty clams, and wash and scrub the outside of the shells till they are perfectly clean. Then put them into a pot with just sufficient water to keep them from burning. The water must boil hard when you put in the clams. In about a quarter of an hour, the shell will open, and the liquor run out and mix with the water, which must be saved for the soup, and strained into a soup-pot, after the clams are taken out. Extract the clams from their shells, and cut them up small. Then put them into the soup-pot, adding a minced onion, a saucer of finely chopped celery, or a table-spoonful of celery seed, and a dozen

blades of mace. No salt, as the clam-liquor will be quite salt enough. If the liquid is not in sufficient quantity to fill a large tureen, add some milk. Thicken the soup with two large table-spoonfuls of fresh butter rolled in flour. Let it boil a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Just before you take it from the fire, stir in, gradually, the beaten yolks of five eggs, and then take up the soup and pour it into a tureen, the bottom of which is covered with toasted bread, cut into square dice about an inch in size.

OYSTER SOUP.—Take two quarts of oysters, and drain them with a fork from their liquor; wash them in one water to free them from grit; cut in small pieces two slices of lean bacon; strain the oyster liquor and put in it the bacon, oysters, some parsley, thyme, and onions tied in a bunch as thick as the thumb; season with pepper and salt, if necessary; let it boil slowly, and when almost done, add a lump of butter as large as a hen's egg, rolled in flour, and a gill of good cream. It will take from twenty to thirty minutes to cook it.

MAKING A FIRE

Making a fire these cold mornings, is a very necessary domestic item, and to do it certainly and quickly, will save more growls, and whines, and blessings "over the left," than the glibbest tongue could "get over" at a two-forty rate in a year. Not only will it prove a saving of passion, but a saving of pence; for as it usually happens, the right way is the cheapest way in the end.

In the first place, if you are a bachelor or a maid, it is discreditable to you, if you do not kindle your own fires. What life it would infuse, how perfectly it would wake up a lazy, sleeping child, if compelled to bounce out of bed at daylight, of a winter's morning, and light the anthracite! It sends the lazy, sleeping blood to the remotest extremities, and quickens the whole body—it vitalizes the man. *General Washington made it a practice to build his own fire at Mount Vernon;* and shame be on the young man or young woman, however rich the parents may be, who would feel it discreditable to kindle the fire of their own rooms.

THE WAY TO DO IT.—Have your kindling wood cut not over five inches long, and split in pieces not larger than an inch square, but some of them should be mere splinters; take half a newspaper, and a quart or two of small coal, or coke. These should be all placed near the grate over night; clean out the grate, at least the centre of it, crumple up the paper, and lay it on the iron, set-up the pieces of kindling in the shape of a tent or stack of arms, or an inverted funnel, the smaller splinters next the paper pressed closely against it; then lay the smaller pieces of coal, not much larger than the first joint of the thumb, close against the wood until the wood is hidden, then light a detached piece of paper with a match, and place it under

the grate, holding it close to the paper already there, let that paper fairly catch, put on the blower, and in about five minutes the coal will be ignited; then add one or two shovelful more, and replace the blower, and soon you will have a glowing fire without one failure in a whole winter; and it will not consume five minutes' time, after the grate is cleaned out.

But you must know the philosophy of all this, or you will not remember the details five minutes.

The wood must be small, and in close proximity to the paper; for before anything burns, it must be saturated with caloric, it must get hot, and the smaller the piece of wood is, the sooner it will get hot, and the less heat, or caloric, will make it so; and as paper gives out but little heat, unless the wood is small, and close, it will be scattered, and thus fail to ignite. The same is particularly true of anthracite coal: it must be thoroughly heated before it takes fire, and it is easy to see that it requires a less amount of caloric to heat a small piece of coal than a larger one, and less time, too;—thus it is, that the most effectual way of putting out a "poor" coal fire, is to fill up the grate with fresh coal; for there was enough caloric to have heated a few small pieces to the kindling point; but when distributed to a larger amount, none of it was raised to the degree requisite for ignition. *Therefore always put on a little coal at a time* In this way, as much wood four or five inches long, as may be grasped in one hand, is abundantly sufficient for kindling one fire promptly of anthracite coal, and certainly, thus we have kindled a fire two seasons with one load, that is, a third of a cord of pine wood. Families will economize by having the "lengths" theoretically four feet, practically, three and a half scant, cut six times; it gives more shillings to the sawyers, but fewer dollars to the woodman. It will be of additional economy and interest to know, that in cleaning out the grate in the morning, you will have a good substitute for coke, if, after separating the ashes, the pieces of partially burnt coal are thrown in a pail of water to be used next morning. They thus derive a new supply of oxygen from the water, and kindle easily with a bright flame. Whereas, if placed on the fire without having been soaked in water, they moulder away, giving but little light or warmth. Only the black-looking pieces in the water are fit for burning again. If you do not have these, you must have coke, or use more wood.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE GRIDIRON AND FRYING-PAN.

THE RESULTS OF THEIR RIVALRY IN DOMESTIC COOKERY. BY SOYER.

Your favorite utensil, the frying-pan, *Hoise*, is, without doubt, the most useful of all kitchen implements, and like a good-natured servant,

is often imposed upon, and obliged to do all the work, while its companion, the gridiron, is quietly reposing in the chimney-corner.

The following scene was witnessed by those two faithful servants, the other afternoon, in a domestic establishment, where the sly dog of a gridiron often laughs between its bars at the overworked frying-pan.

The husband, who is employed by a railway contractor, and a man who is what the world calls middling well off, and who has risen by his own exertions and abilities from a more humble position, arrives home, and asks his wife what he can have for dinner, the hour of her dinner, and that of the children, having long past. "What would you like to have, my dear?" was her question. "Anything you have." "Let's see! why—we have nothing, but I can get you a mutton chop, or steak." "Can I have nothing else; I am tired of chops and steaks." "Why, my dear, what can be better than a chop or a steak?" "Well, let me have a steak." "You had that yesterday, my dear: now, let me get you a chop. I always make it my duty to study your comfort; and as I have been reading, not long since, a medical work on diseases of the skin, written by Dr. Erasmus Wilson, in which he says that nothing is so wholesome as a change of food, since which time I have made a point of varying our bill of fare, as they call it in that useful work." "Very well, send for two chops." In about twenty minutes the servant returns, saying she could get no chops, but has got a nice piece of steak. "Very well. That will do as well, will it not, my dear?" to her husband, who is reading a periodical. "Yes; but how long will you keep me here before it is done?" "Not a minute, my love. Now, Jane, do that well on the gridiron." Jane descends, but quickly returns, saying, "Please, ma'am, the fire is not fit for broiling." "Well, fry it," is her answer. The husband, who hears it, exclaims, "Drat the frying-pan, it is always so greasy." "Then, my dear, how would you like to have it?" "Not at all," was his reply, throwing down the paper, and exclaiming, "Bother the place, there is no getting any victuals properly cooked here. I must go to the cook-shop, and have it." He seizes his hat, and slamming the door, makes his exit in a passion.

The mistress blames Jane, and begins to beat the child for having upset the milk on the toast. Jane kicks the cat, and gives warning. The night comes. There are no candles in the house. She is sent out for them, but does not return in proper time. The husband arrives, and finds all in darkness. They quarrel, and swear they must separate, in order to "live comfortably together." Jane comes home, and is ordered to pack up her boxes, in order to be off the first thing in the morning, by which time, however, their tempers have had time to cool, and Jane is accordingly reinstated in her former position.

Moral (not on fable, but on truth): A man disappointed in something to eat, consoles him-

self with something to drink. If he has no stimulus in wholesome food, he will have it in pernicious spirits. He is quarrelsome, scolds his wife, beats his children, frequents the dram-shop, and becomes what is called a bad husband. It is not altogether his fault the dinner was not eatable, and he must have something to support him, which he foolishly finds in spirits; and thus, by the want of attention on the part of the wife, is made what he is. In no country in the world do the annals of police courts show such scenes as are daily noticed in the public journals of London, which the increase of punishment by a modern law has not yet succeeded in putting down.

PAPERS FOR ROOMS.

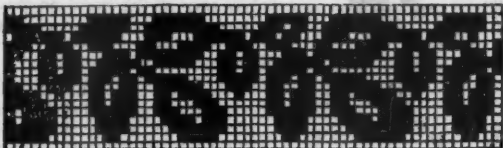
Many elegant patterns are displayed on colored grounds: the effect may please in one room, which in another will be displeasing; yet the cause will be inexplicable: light, more or less, will account for the difference. Colored grounds, however pale, will always be too gloomy in rooms which have not much light. In cities this is an essential matter of consideration; even in the country the aspect and number of windows will produce a surprising difference in the general effect. Nor ought any erroneous idea to be entertained, that a paper with much white in it will quickly soil, and therefore must be more extravagant; for if white soils, colors fade. A room, then, scantily supplied with windows, ought never to be papered with a colored ground: for the same reason, the doors, dados, and other wood-work, should invariably be white. Apartments well supplied with light may rejoice in a less confined range of colors—may even sport a drab ground, and drab paint to match. Another failure in effect—little suspected, in the choice of colors—even where light can be commanded to an unlimited extent, is the want of consideration of the hue that will best "light up." Exquisite as is pale blue in itself, it is heavy in a mass; and even when sparingly introduced—ay, even in small portions, among gilding and pure white (as in large concert rooms,) it dulls the whole. A blue dress by candle-light is satisfactory, and a room with blue grounded paper and blue paint to correspond, will never light well at night; an apartment similarly decorated with buff or "flesh" color, that would require but six wax candles to produce a cheerful and sufficient illumination, if blue would swallow up the light of eighteen candles, and then not produce an agreeable impression. Pale flesh or pink, and buff, are very charming hues, but are ill for the complexion; few persons look in health with much of these colors around them; and blue is trying: white with a hint of blush, or tint of stone, is good. The most perfect—or rather the nearest approach to perfection—is a paper with a pure white ground, and running pattern of shaded slates, and white paint "picked in" with pale slate to correspond.

The Toilet and Work Table.

An ornamental chair, of the style of Louis XIII, may be made after the following directions. Get a chair of stained oak, low, square, heavy, and with a high back. Then buy three quarters of a yard of coarse canvas, cut it into strips of about five inches wide. Purchase

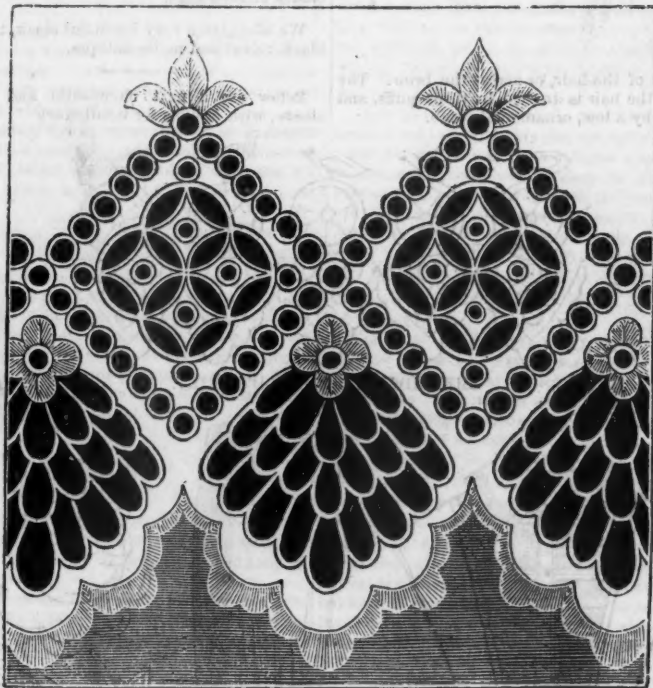
also zephyr wool, scarlet and white, a quarter of a pound of each. Work these strips in cross-stitch, in the pattern given below; the dark being worked in white, and the grounding being of scarlet.

When the bands are worked, turn them on



the wrong side, wet them slightly, and then iron them flat with a moderately hot iron. Now buy three quarters of plush, such as is used for furniture, gray or brown will look well with white and scarlet, cut it up into strips also, and sew them to the worsted work, alter-

nating the one with the other. Three strips of worsted work for the seat, with four of velvet—one for the back with two of velvet. The chair, when mounted, should be finished by a heavy fringe, put on with brass-headed nails round the seat.



BROIDERIE ANGLAISE.

This pattern can be worked all white, or the scallop flowers and leaves in red, and the rest in white.

On next page is a graceful style of dressing the hair for a young person, when simplicity is to be preserved. It is merely of full bandeaux.

MARTIN NEWELL

slightly waved: the flowers, a light drooping spray, are arranged in the *bandeaux*, instead of



the back of the hair, or across the brow. The back of the hair is dressed in three puffs, and secured by a low, ornamental comb.

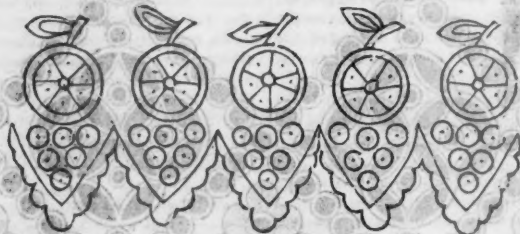
BEAUTIFUL CUSHION.—*Materials*—5 colors of shaded double *Berlin*, half an ounce of each—green, scarlet, purple, blue and amber.

Work 1 row of each. Commence with green. Make a chain of 120 loops. Put 3 long stitches into 3 successive stitches, then make a chain of 3 loops, again 3 long stitches, missing 3 stitches on the chain. Every row afterwards put the three long stitches into the large hole. Use the colors in the order named. When all are wrought up, the cushion will be sufficiently large. It is made up in the same manner as the last pattern.

FASHIONS.—The full length figure gives an elegant and graceful style of costume. A silk dress, with broad stripes of black velvet. Sleeves with three puffs, terminated by a flounce. Under-sleeves of *tulle*, trimmed with lace. Cloak of lady's cloth, turtle-dove color, with a trimming of broad blue braid. A cape forming a point behind. A bonnet of white satin, fluted, and trimmed with black lace; on the side of the front, a bunch of scarlet geraniums, with blades of reed-flags.

We also give a very beautiful cloak, made of black velvet and *moire antique*.

Below are a neat chemisette and under-sleeve, with designs for needlework



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S SKIRT.



FLOWER PATTERN.

Editor's Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1856.

With this number, we commence the seventh volume of the Home Magazine. What its name implies it will continue to be. As from the beginning, it will aim to instruct the mind, and elevate the affections. To impart, through the most pleasing vehicles of thought, true principles of action. The frivolous it has always avoided, as well as the dullness of mere fine writing; and these will still be avoided.—Yet the graceful, the elegant, and the humorous, will combine with the vigorous, the strongly descriptive, the narrative, and the romantic. The true end of literature is an elevation of the mind above things sensual, selfish, and evil, into a region where thought finds a more vigorous activity, and the heart warmer and nobler impulses. Especially should this end be regarded in all periodicals that find their way into the home circles of our land, claiming the attention of young and old. Their pages should be especially guarded, lest a word, a sentiment, or an example should be presented therein; for these, like evil seed, will produce evil fruit.

The variety to be found in our pages, on all subjects of interest, is another of its claims to public favor.—Something for all tastes we endeavor every month to present; so that all may find mental aliment and recreation.

To please the eye, excite the taste, and give to the mind accurate images of things in nature and art, we offer a varied series of illustrations, on steel and on wood.

The price of the Magazine is the same as in the beginning, when no illustrations were given, and when the typography was altogether inferior to what it is at present. The amount of reading and engravings furnished each month is large, when the low rate at which we supply clubs is considered. Nearly all the "matter" is set in "solid" types, not with "leads" between each line, as is usual, by which means a page contains one-fifth more of reading than it would if leaded. It does not look so light, but more solid and substantial, as it really is. We merely refer to this, in order that our readers, who look at "quantity" as well as "quality," may know just what they are receiving.

We refer particularly to our prospectus for 1856, on the fourth page of the cover, for more particulars in regard to the coming volumes of the Magazine.—It will be seen there, that to those who would like to obtain the Home Magazine in connexion with some other periodical or newspaper at a clubbing rate, we furnish either "Harper's Magazine," or "Godey's Lady's Book" and the "Home Magazine," one year, at the low rate of \$3.50; or the Saturday Evening Post and our Magazine, at \$3.

HUMORS OF REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

In the letters of Rev. Sydney Smith, published in the volumes of Memoirs, by his daughter, Lady Holland, there are many flashes of humor, and pleasant hits at men and things. He had a genial spirit for a clergyman, and a happy faculty of looking on the bright side. We make a few selections of pleasant things, taken at random.

In answer to an invitation to visit the opera, he replies: "Thy servant is threescore-and-ten years old; can he hear the sound of singing men and singing women? A Canon at the opera! Where have you lived? In what habitation of heathen? I thank you, shuddering, and am, ever, your unseducible friend."

In closing a brief letter to Lord Mahan, he says: "Pray present my benediction to your charming wife, who, I am sure, would bring any plant in the garden into full flower by looking at it, and smiling upon it. Try the experiment from mere curiosity." This is very neat, indeed.

"I find I am getting old," he remarks, in another letter, "and that my bodily feelings agree with the parish register. You seem to have had a very amusing life, with singing and dancing, but you cannot excite my envy by all the descriptions of your dramas and melo-dramas; you may as well paint the luxuries of barley meal to a tiger, or turn a leopard into a clover field. All this class of pleasures inspires me with the same nausea as I feel at the sight of rich plum-cake or sweetmeats; I prefer the driest bread of common life."

Writing to Lord Murray: "If you wish for anything like happiness in the fifth act of life, eat and drink about one-half of what you could eat and drink. Did I ever tell you my calculation about eating and drinking? Having ascertained the weight of what I could live upon, so as to preserve health and strength, and what I did live upon, I found that, between ten and seventy years of age, I had eaten and drunk forty four-horse wagon loads of meat and drink more than would have preserved me in life and health! The value of this mass of nourishment I considered seven thousand pounds sterling. It occurred to me that I must, by my voracity, have starved fully a hundred persons to death. This is a frightful calculation, but irresistibly true; and I think, dear Murray, your wagons would require an additional horse each."

To his grandchild, on sending him a letter over weight: "Oh, you little witch! Your letter cost me four-pence. I will pull all the plums out of your puddings; I will undress your dolls, and steal their under petticoats; you shall have no currant jelly to your rice; I will kiss you till you cannot see out of

your eyes; when no body whips you, I will do so; I will fill you so full of sugar plums that they shall run out of your nose and ears; lastly, your frocks shall be so short that they shall not come below your knees."

An excuse for not wishing to be present at some private theatricals: "If real actors cannot amuse me, how should pretended actors do so? Can mock-turtle please where real turtle is disliked?"

At seventy-four, he thus puts off a French writer for the press, who asks for some particulars of his life: "I am living among the best society of the Metropolis, and at ease in my circumstances; in tolerable health; a mild Whig; a tolerating Churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country; passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man."

"Among the many ills of getting old, one is, that every illness may probably be your last. You feel like a delinquent who knows that the constable is looking out after him."

IN A RECENT letter from our highly valued correspondent, W. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq., were inclosed a couple of choice little poems for the readers of the Home Magazine. We give one of them in this number:—

EXHORTATION.

Why by these forests linger,
When there the ocean spreads;
And still the sun's bright finger
Rich gleam of promise sheds?
Here wouldst thou struggle vainly,
Thy better power unknown,
Or waste, in toils ungainly,
A life unloved, alone!

Alone is still the mortal
Who, born to lead his kind
To Truth's mysterious portal,
Still leaves the rest behind;
They follow, but they madden
That he should still be first,
And curse the gifts which gladden,
And hate the giver worst!

How gladly—could you show them
That he who sways them now,
Stood, in his youth, below them—
Would they rejoice to know!
They'd rather see how feebly
His master-way began,
Than now behold how ably
He rules the realms of man!

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

One of the engravings in this number, will excite the pleasantest kind of fancies in the minds of our young readers. How fondly, for weeks, do children dwell on the approaching Christmas; and what castles of toys, and good things for the palate, do they build in the regions of imagination. Don't forget this, ye who have in your keeping the happiness of these little ones. Be sure to fill the stockings, hung in such unwavering faith by the chimney side; or prepare the Christmas tree, and load its branches

with strange, but tempting fruit. Those who make innocent children happy, are co-workers with angels.

There is a touching Christmas story in this number, from the pen of Miss Bremer, which old and young may read with pleasure.

TRUE WORDS.

We find this beautiful and true passage floating in the newspapers, and give it a more permanent place on one of our pages:—"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation, or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with birds' nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees, and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself."

HOME.

Sydney Smith says:—"The most friendless of human beings has a country which he admires and extols, and which he would, in the same circumstances, prefer to all others under heaven. Tempt him with the fairest face of nature, place him by living waters under shadowy trees of Lebanon, open to his view all the gorgeous allurements of the sunniest climates, he will love the rocks and deserts of his childhood better than all these, and thou canst not bribe his soul to forget the land of his nativity."

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

Mothers in the country, who see their children growing up with few of the advantages that young people in cities enjoy, often suffer from painful discouragement in regard to them. A word of encouragement to such, we find in a recent number of the *Ohio Cultivator*, and copy it for their benefit. The writer says:—

"The wives and mothers of our farmers need more encouragement in the labor of love that falls to their lot. Their round of duties often seem monotonous, their lives ungraceful, their homes lacking in refinement. How often the sigh escapes them, 'Oh for more intellectual food for myself and my children!' When they go out into the world, will they not feel themselves so far behind their fellows, that discouragement will take the place of noble ambition, and their lives will become a failure.

"There is a charm against this which every mother should understand. Childhood demands simply that its tastes shall all be led, like its body, on simple, coarse fare. Give them just enough for growth, and culture and pruning will come in after years. All that a mother need feel solicitous for in early childhood is, aliment enough for the healthy growth of all the faculties. The tendency in country life is to neglect the finer elements belonging to the region of the ideal, while the practical, the unpoetical, is cultivated and praised, till the child feels that nothing is truly valuable that cannot be counted in dollars and

cents. The city is liable to the opposite extreme. External grace must be cultivated often at the expense of truth and integrity.

"My observations have convinced me that no mother needs despair who uses even the most limited means for the culture of her children. I remember some little girls who used to love colors, and they could gratify their artistic tastes in no way but by expressing the juice of leaves and flowers. They were rude works of art which the little artists produced, but they kept alive the soul of art. Years have fled, and now their homes are rendered beautiful by artistic hands, and their children's garments are beautified by such embroidery as the wealthy purchase at great cost, but to them it is the filling up of moments of half leisure, when the presence of a guest compels them to forego coarser avocations. Now, as formerly, this is their recreation. I thought of the mother who had encouraged their little efforts, and fed their little loves and tastes, so that now they were able to both appreciate beauty and poetry, and to contribute largely to their production."

BE GENTLE TO THY HUSBAND.

Some one has written a companion poem to that excellent one, "Be Gentle to thy Wife," which we must copy, even at the risk of being charged with magnifying the wife's duties, which, in her little world of home, are varied and perplexing enough. Of the husband's anxieties, disappointments, and troubles in the busy, struggling marts of business, she can have but a feeble comprehension; nor of the painful discouragements from which he often suffers. Kind, soothing words, may often fall like oil on the troubled waters of his spirit; and what wife who loves her husband, would not gladly be to him a minister of rest and peace?

"Be gentle to thy husband,
Remember, all day long,
Amid the din and tumult,
He battles with the throng.

"No wonder that the noble brow
Grows clouded with the care
That presses on his heart and hands
While he is struggling there.

"And when the night has gathered home
The loved one to his rest,
Be gentle—if no smile appears,
There's sorrow in his breast.

"Tis true, you miss the welcome voice,
Whose tones are always kind,
And long to raise the cloud that casts
A shadow on his mind.

"Yet, never fear, that through it all
Thy presence is not blest;
For like the sunshine through the storm,
It brings sweet thoughts of rest.

"And many times, when labor-tossed,
Thy gentle tones have come,
And made glad music in his heart,
'Thanks be for thee—and home.'

"Be sure, although he speaks it not,
Thou art the star, whose ray
Makes life, and love, and gildeth all
In life's dark, rugged way."

"THE HAPPY FAMILY."

This steel engraving makes a pleasant variety in our illustrations for the month. The family group appears to be well harmonized, and each individual in the best possible humor.

"THE FOUR ERAS OF LIFE."

How thought-suggesting this picture! Few can look upon it without pleasing or sad emotions. It is the history of a life in its four most important eras. First, the infant is introduced by the waters of baptism into the church, and more intimately associated in the mystic rite with angelic spirits. Next comes the second era. The infantile state is passed; youth has glided away, and now, in the freshness and beauty of dawning womanhood, the young communicant takes, solemnly, the bread and the wine, and offers her heart to Him who gives to every hungry and thirsting spirit, the bread of His love, and the wine of His truth.

The third era comes. Higher and holier duties in life are to be assumed. At the marriage-altar stands the young bride. What a new world is opening before her! How earnestly does she look far away into the coming time! What beautiful visions arise!—Her heart trembles with excess of joy.

One more era—the most important of all. The probation is over—the pilgrimage at an end; and, obeying the voice which says, "Come up higher," the tired, tempted, but conquering spirit, is about to withdraw itself peacefully from its earthly tabernacle, and ascend upwards, to a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

TO THE MORNING GLORY. BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Pale, waxen flower, thou comest in the morn,
Damp with the chill night showers;
Thy heart-shaped leaves the roughest spots adorn,
And bend adown with wealth of creamy flowers.
The purple drops which gem the pearly white,
Seem like rich jewels set in beds of snow,
With fair, sweet beauty, pure and shining bright,
They light thy blossoms with a fairy glow

But like all lovely things, before the Day's hot breath
Thou pal'st and fadest dreamily away;
Cold are thy petals 'neath the touch of Death,
And sink'st thou down to premature decay.
We love thee better, gentle flower, for this;
Happy are they who early from us flee,
Who tire of earth, and long for purer bliss
Within the sunlight of Eternity!

Farmington, New Hampshire.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIVES OF BRITISH HISTORIANS. By FUGENE LAWRENCE. 2 vols. New York: C. Scribner.

Here we have a very important contribution to English literature, and one for which the industrious author will receive many thanks, and we trust, a still more substantial return. It is a little singular, that the first popular biographies of the older British historians should originate on this side of the Atlantic, and issue first from an American press. The fact shows how rapidly we are progressing in literature,

as well as the useful arts. Already the tide is turning, and British readers are looking to the United States for their most attractive books. Mr. Lawrence has shown excellent taste in his work, and has composed it not only with care, but in a style that gives it an additional value. To pass from the grave, severe pages of the laborious historian, to a familiar narrative of his daily life, habits, manners, and conversation—in a word, to become acquainted with him as a man, is a transition delightful to every reader. Such a pleasure is in store for all who have studied the pages of Raleigh, Camden, Burnet, Fuller, Bentham, Smollet, Hume, Macpherson, Hooke, Ferguson, Gibbon, Bacon, and other eminent historians of the past time, and desire to have with them a closer personal acquaintance. The author intimates his intention to continue the series down to the death of Arnold. We hope he will be encouraged to do so.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. Thoughts in Verse, for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. By Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Elegantly illustrated, by Schmolze. Philadelphia: E. A. Butler & Co.

"Keble's Christian Year" has become a household book among all lovers of devotional poetry. The present edition, which is exquisitely illustrated with engravings on steel from original designs, is an elegant one in all respects, and highly creditable to the publishers by whom it is issued. Messrs. Butler & Co. have gained a reputation for elegant issues of illustrated volumes, that every book from their press but serves to confirm. Their holiday publications are always among the most beautiful that appear.

GOD REVEALED IN THE PROCESS OF CREATION, AND BY THE MANIFESTATION OF JESUS CHRIST. Including an Examination of the Development Theory contained in the "Testimony of the Natural History of Creation." By JAMES B. WALKER, Author of "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation." Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon, Lamport & Co.

A volume of speculations touching the moral nature of the Supreme Being, that will not, we think, very greatly aid the inquiring skeptic. Like nearly all modern writers on similar themes, the author is a groping in the dark, seeking, by mere finite human reason, to find out God. We are very much inclined to think, that in nearly all skepticism in regard to the being and goodness of God, there is latent a pride of intellect that will make the subject hopelessly blind to all arguments opposed to his favorite doubts.

HOARYHEAD AND McDONNER. By JACOB ABBOTT. Very greatly improved. With numerous Engravings. Being Vol. IV of "The Young Christian Series." New York: Harper & Brothers.

An old friend in a new dress, and welcome in its improved attire. New generations of children will read of Fergus and of McDonner with the same delight felt by the first boy that grasped the book, scarcely yet dry, from the press. Our young people owe Mr. Abbott a large debt of gratitude.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE; Or, The Heaven of the Bible. By JAMES M. MACDONALD, D.D. New York: C. Scribner.

A series of discourses on Heaven, by a Minister of the Princeton Theological School. His reading of the Bible is somewhat literal, and his speculations on Heaven in accordance with his reading. The style of the discourses is impressive, and often highly eloquent.

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE HEROES OF HISTORY. Edited by DR. FRANCIS L. HAWES, D.D., LL.D. New York: James S. Dickerson.

The first volume of this attractive series contained a narrative of the eventful career of "Richard the Lion-Hearted." We now have a second volume, devoted to a no less prominent, but far more important

character in the world's history, Oliver Cromwell. If the youth of the present generation fail to obtain accurate knowledge of the world's great men and their actions, it will not be through lack of well written books, like those embraced in this series. The responsible name of Dr. Hawks as editor, will give the public entire confidence in them.

THE STANDARD FIRST READER FOR BEGINNERS. By EFES SARGENT. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Among the best school readers extant, are those of Mr. Sargent. They number from one up to five, the highest being known as the "First Class Standard Reader." The first of these is the one to which we would now call attention. It is made up of easy lessons, liberally illustrated, and both at home and at school will be found well adapted to the young scholar just learning to read. The aim of the book is to awaken thought in the child, at the same time that it is acquiring a knowledge of the signs of language.

CROCHETS AND QUAVERS; OR, REVELATIONS OF AN OPERA MANAGER IN AMERICA. By MAX MARSHNER. New York: S. French.

Of its class, and for the readers it is designed to interest, this is altogether a "taking" book, and will considerably enlighten our music-loving people in regard to the way in which foreign artists have managed to create for themselves comfortable fortunes in America, with almost Aladdin-like celebrity. Max, it seems, by his own confession, is by no means guiltless of having deliberately played upon the public credulity, *a la* Barnum; and we do not see that he feels much ashamed of himself. Truth and honor must be indeed at a low ebb, when men can invent a falsehood to mislead the public, and then parade the trick unblushingly, and chuckle over its success. The talented manager would have stood much higher in people's estimation, if he had left the story of Parodi's introduction in this country out of his book. If it was the only instance in which he stooped to an unworthy means to gain his ends, the manner in which the circumstance is related does not show any true sense of the meanness of the transaction.

If sundry libel suits do not grow out of this volume, it will be because certain parties assailed therein have no characters worth upholding.

CASTE. A Story of Republican Equality. By SIDNEY A. STORREY, JR. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

Another novel based upon the existence of slavery in our country, and the consequent social evils that arise therefrom. We have merely glanced through the volume. It appears to be written with ability; and considerable descriptive power.

[Notices of quite a number of volumes are deferred for want of room. They will receive due attention next month.]

☞ We complete the story of "The Good Time Coming," in the present issue. In order that it might not encroach upon the reading matter of the number, we print it in an extra sheet, as will be seen. This story has been printed in a handsome volume by J. W. Bradley, of this city. Price \$1.00.

CLUBBING WITH HARPER'S MAGAZINE AND THE LADY'S BOOK.—We will send either of these Magazines, and the Home Magazine, one year, for \$3.50. See Prospectus.

EXTRA SHEET.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[CONCLUDED FROM DECEMBER NUMBER.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Our Father in heaven never leaves us in a pathless desert," said Mrs. Markland, light breaking through her tear-filled eyes. Her husband had just related the conversation held with Mr. Willet. "When the sun goes down, stars appear."

"A little while ago, the desert seemed pathless, and no star glittered in the sky," was answered.

"Yet the path was there, Edward; you had not looked close enough to your feet," replied his wife.

"It was so narrow, that it would have escaped my vision," he said, faintly sighing.

"If it were not the safest way for you and for all of us, it would not be the only one now permitted our feet to tread."

"Safest it may be for me; but your feet could walk, securely, a pathway strewn with flowers. Ah me! the thought that my folly——"

"Edward," Mrs. Markland interrupted him, in a quick, earnest voice, "if you love me, spare me in this. When I laid my hand in yours on that happy day, which was but the beginning of happier ones, I began a new life. All thought, all affection, all joy in the present and hope in the future, were thenceforth to be mingled with your thought, affection, joy, and hope. Our lives became one. It was yours to mark out our way through the world; mine to walk by your side. The path, thus far, has been a flowery one, thanks to your love and care! But no life-path winds always amid soft and fragrant meadows. There are desert places on the road, and steep acclivities; and there are dark, devious valleys, as well as sunny hill-tops. Pilgrims on the way to the Promised Land, we must pass through the Valley and the Shadow of Death, and be imprisoned for a time in Doubting Castle, before the Delectable Mountains are gained. Oh, Edward, murmur not, but thank God for the path he has shown us, and for the clear light that falls so warmly upon it. These friends, whom he has given us in this our darkest hour, are the truest friends we have yet known. Is it not a sweet compensation for all we lose, to be near them still,

and to have the good a kind Father dispensae come to us through their hands? Dear husband! in this night of worldly life, a star of celestial beauty has already mirrored itself in my heart, and made light one of its hitherto darkened chambers."

"Sweet philosopher!" murmured her husband, in a softened voice. "A spirit like yours would illuminate a dungeon."

"If it can make the air bright around my husband, its happiness will be complete," was softly answered.

"But these reverses are hard to bear," said Mr. Markland, soberly.

"Harder in anticipation than in reality. They may become to us blessings."

"Blessings? Oh, Agnes! I am not able to see that. It is no light thing for a man to have the hard accumulations of his best years swept from him in a moment, and to find himself, when just passing the meridian of his life, thrown prostrate to the earth."

"There may be richer treasures lying just beneath the surface where he has fallen, than in all the land of Ophir toward which he was pressing in eager haste," said Mrs. Markland.

"It may be so," Markland spoke doubtfully. "It must be so!" was emphatically rejoined.

"Ah, Edward, have I not often warned you against looking far away into the future, instead of stooping to gather the pearls of happiness that a good Providence has scattered so profusely around us? They are around us still."

Markland sighed.

"And you may be richer far than imagination has yet pictured. Look not far away into the shadowy uncertainties of coming time for the heart's fruition. The stones from which its temple of happiness is to be erected, if ever built, lie all along the path your feet are treading. It has been so with you from the beginning—it is so now."

"If I build not this temple, it will be no fault of yours," said Markland, whose perceptions were becoming clearer.

"Let us build it together," answered his wife. "There will be no lack of materials."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

When the offer of Mr. Walker's cottage was made known in the family, there was a passive

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* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by T. S. ARTHUR & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

acquiescence in the change on the part of all but Aunt Grace. Her pride was aroused.

"It's very kind in Mr. Willet," she said—"very kind, but scarcely delicate under the circumstances."

"Why not delicate?" inquired Mr. Markland.

"Did they think we were going into that little pigeon-box, just under the shadow of Woodbine Lodge. If we have to come down so low, it will not be in this neighborhood. There's too much pride in the Markland blood for that!"

"We have but little to do with pride now," said Mrs. Markland.

Her husband sighed. The remark of his sister had quickened his blood.

"It is the best we can do!" he remarked, sadly.

"Not by any means," said Grace. "There are other neighborhoods than this, and other houses to be obtained. Let us go from here; not remain the observed of all curious observers—objects of remark and pity!"

Her brother arose while she was speaking, and commenced walking the room in a disturbed manner. The words of Grace had aroused his slumbering pride.

"Rather let us do what is best under the circumstances," said Mrs. Markland, in her quiet way. "People will have their own thoughts, but these should never turn us from a right course."

"The sight of Woodbine Lodge will rebuke me daily," said Mr. Markland.

"You cannot be happy in this neighborhood." Grace spoke in her emphatic way. "It is impossible!"

"I fear that it is even so," replied her brother.

"Then," said Mrs. Markland, in a firm voice, "we will go hence. I place nothing against the happiness of my husband. If the sight of our old home is to trouble him daily, we will put mountains between, if necessary."

Markland turned toward his wife. She had never looked more beautiful in his eyes.

"Is self-negation to be all on her part?" The thought, flashing through his mind, changed the current of his feelings, and gave him truer perceptions.

"No, Agnes," he said, while a faint smile played around his lips, "we will not put mountains between us and this neighborhood. Pride is a poor counsellor, and they who take heed to her words, sow the seeds of repentance. In reverse of fortune, we stand not alone. Thousands have walked this rugged road before us; and shall we falter, and look weakly back?"

"Not so, Edward!" returned his wife, with enthusiasm; "we will neither falter nor look back. Our good and evil are often made by contrasts. We shall not find the way rugged, unless we compare it too closely with other ways our feet have trodden, and sigh vainly over the past, instead of accepting the good that is awarded us in the present. Let us first make the 'rough paths of peevish nature even,' and the way will be smooth to our feet."

"You will never be happy in this neighborhood, Edward," said his sister, sharply; for she saw that the pride her words had awakened was dying out.

"If he is not happy here, change of place will work no difference," Mrs. Markland spoke earnestly.

"Why not?" was the quick interrogation of Grace.

"Because happiness is rarely, if ever, produced by a change of external relations. We must have within us the elements of happiness; and then the heart's sunshine will lie across our threshold, whether it be of palace or cottage."

"Truer words were never spoken," said Mr. Markland, "and I feel their better meaning. No, Agnes, we will not go out from this pleasant neighborhood, nor from among those we have proved to be friends. If Woodbine Lodge ever looks upon me rebukingly, I will try to acknowledge the justice of the rebuke. I will accept Mr. Willet's kind offer to-morrow. But what have you to say, Fanny?" Mr. Markland now turned to his daughter, who had not ventured a word on the subject, though she had listened with apparent interest to the conference. "Shall we take Mr. Walker's cottage?"

"Your judgment must decide that, father," was answered.

"But have you no choice in the case, Fanny? We can remove into the city, or go into some other neighborhood."

"I will be as happy here as anywhere. Do as seems best, father."

A silence, made in a measure oppressive by Fanny's apparent indifference to all change, followed. Before other words were spoke, Aunt Grace withdrew in a manner that showed a mind disturbed. The conference in regard to the cottage was again resumed, and ended in the cheerful conclusion that it would afford them the pleasantest home, in their changed circumstances, of any that it was possible for them to procure.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Preparation was at once made for the proposed removal. Mr. Walker went back to the city, and the new owner of the cottage, Mr. Willet, set carpenters and painters at work to make certain additions which he thought needful to secure the comfort of his tenants, and to put everything in the most thorough repair. Even against the remonstrance of Mr. Markland, who saw that his generous-minded neighbor was providing for his family a house worth almost double the rent that was to be paid, he carried out all his projected improvements.

"You will embarrass me with a sense of obligation," said Mr. Markland, in seeking to turn him from a certain purpose regarding the cottage.

"Do not say so," answered Mr. Willet; "I am only offering inducements for you to remain with us. If obligation should rest anywhere, it will be on our side. I make these improvements because the house is now my own pro-

party, and would be defective, to my mind, without them. Pray, don't let your thoughts dwell on these things."

Thus he strove to dissipate the feeling of obligation that began to rest on the mind of his unfortunate neighbor, while he carried out his purpose. In due time, under the assignment which had been made, Woodbine Lodge and a large part of the elegant and costly furniture contained in the mansion, were sold, and the ownership passed into other hands. With a meagre remnant of their household goods, the family retired to a humbler house. Some pitied, and stood at a distance; some felt a selfish pleasure in their fall; and some, who had courted them in their days of prosperity, were among the foremost to speak evil against them. But there were a few, and they the choicest spirits of the neighborhood, who only drew nearer to these their friends in misfortune. Among them was Mr. Allison, one of those wise old men whose minds grow not dim with advancing years. He had passed through many trying vicissitudes, had suffered, and come up from the ordeal purer than when the fire laid hold upon the dross of nature.

A wise monitor had been in Markland's brighter days, and now he drew near as a comforter. There is strength in true words kindly spoken. How often was this proved by Mr. and Mrs. Markland, as their venerable friend unlocked for them treasures of wisdom!

The little parlor at "Lawn Cottage," the name of their new home, soon became the scene of frequent reunions among choice spirits, whose aspirations went higher and deeper than the external and visible. In closing around Mr. Markland, they seemed to shut him out, as it were, from the old world in which he had hoped, and suffered, and struggled so vainly; and to open before his purer vision a world of higher beauty. In this world were riches for the toiler, and honor for the noble—riches and honor far more to be desired than the gems and gold of earth, or its empty tributes of praise.

A few months of this new life wrought a wonderful change in Markland. All the better elements of his nature were quickened into activity. Useful daily employment tranquilized his spirits; and not unfrequently he found himself repeating the words of Longfellow—

"Something attempted, something done,
Had earned a night's repose."

So entirely was everything of earthly fortune wrecked, and so changed were all his relations to the business world, that hope had yet no power to awaken his mind to ambition. For the present, therefore, he was content to receive the reward of daily toil, and to be thankful that he was yet able to supply the real wants of his family. A cheerful tone of feeling gradually succeeded the state of deep depression from which he had suffered. His spirit, which had walked in darkness, began to perceive that light was breaking in through the hitherto impenetrable gloom, and as it fell upon the

path he was treading, a flower was seen here and there, while the roughness his imagination had pictured became not visible.

Nearly a year had glided away since the wreck of Markland's fortune, and little or no change in his worldly prospects was visible. He was sitting late, one evening, reading aloud to his wife from a book which the latter had received from Mrs. Willet. The rest of the family had retired. Mrs. Markland was plying her needle busily. Altered circumstances had made hourly industry on her part a necessity; yet had they in no way dimmed the cheerful brightness of her spirits.

"Come, Agnes," said her husband, closing the book, "it is growing late; and you have worked long enough. I'm afraid your health will suffer."

"Just a few minutes longer," replied Mrs. Markland, smiling. "I must finish this apron for Frank. He will want it in the morning." And her hand moved quicker.

"How true is every word you have been reading!" she added, after a few moments. "Manifold indeed are the ways in which a wise Providence dispenses good to the children of men. Mercy is seen in the cloud as well as in the sunshine. Tears to the spirit are like rain to the earth."

"The descent looked frightful," said Markland, after a pause—"but we reached the lower ground uninjured. Invisible hands seemed to bear us up."

"We have found the land far pleasanter than was imagined; and the sky above of a purer crystal."

"Yes—yes. It is even so. And if the flowers that spring up at our feet are not so brilliant, they have a sweeter perfume, and a diviner beauty."

"In this land," said Mrs. Markland, "we see in the visible things that surround us, what was rarely seen before—types of the invisible things they represent."

"Ah, yes, yes! Scales have fallen from my eyes. I have learned a new philosophy. In former times, Mr. Allison's words seemed full of beautiful truths, yet so veiled, that I could not see their genuine brightness. Now they are like sudden gleams of sunlight on a darkened landscape."

"Seekers after happiness, like the rest of the world," said Mrs. Markland, resting her hands upon the table by which she sat, and, gazing earnestly into her husband's face, "we had lost our way, and were moving with swift feet in the wrong direction. Suddenly, our kind Father threw up before us an impassable mountain. Then we seemed shut out from the land of promise forever, and were in despair. But he took his weeping, murmuring children by the hand, and led them gently into another path!"

"Into a narrower way,"—Mr. Markland took up the words of his wife—"and sought by few; yet, it has already brought us into a pleasant region."

"To speak in less ideal language," said Mrs.

Markland, "we have been taught an all important lesson. It is this: That there is over each one of us an intimate, providential care, which ever has regard to our eternal good. And the reason of our many and sad disappointments lies in the fact, that we seek only the gratification of natural life, in which are the very elements of dissatisfaction. All mere natural life is selfish life; and natural ends gained only confirm this selfish life, and produce misery instead of happiness."

"There is no rest," said Markland, "to the striving spirit that only seeks for the good of this world. How clearly have I seen this of late, as well in my own case as in that of others! Neither wealth nor honor have in themselves the elements of happiness; and their increase brings but an increase of trouble."

"If sought from merely selfish ends," remarked his wife. "Yet their possession may increase our happiness, if we regard them as the means by which we may rise into a higher life."

There followed a thoughtful pause. Mrs. Markland resumed her work, and her husband leaned his head back, and remained for some minutes in a musing attitude.

"Don't you think," he said at length, "that Fanny is growing more cheerful?"

"Oh, yes. I can see that her state of mind is undergoing a gradual elevation."

"Poor child! What a sad experience, for one so young, has been hers! How her whole character has been, to all seeming, transformed. The light-hearted girl suddenly changed to a thoughtful, suffering woman!"

"She may be a happier woman in the end," said Mrs. Markland.

"Is that possible?"

"Yes. Suffering has given her a higher capacity for enjoyment."

"And for pain, also," said Mr. Markland.

"She is wiser for the first experience," was replied.

"Yes, there is so much in her favor. I wish," added Mr. Markland, "that she would go a little more into company. It is not good for any one to live so secluded a life. Companionship is necessary to the spirit's health."

"She is not without companions, or, at least, a companion."

"Flora Willet?"

"Yes."

"Good, as far as it goes. Flora is an excellent girl, and wise beyond her years."

"Can we ask a better companion for our child than one with pure feelings and true thoughts?"

"No. But I am afraid Flora has not the power to bring her out of herself. She is so sedate."

"She does not lack cheerfulness of spirit, Edward."

"Perpetual cheerfulness is too passive."

"Her laugh, at times, is delicious," said Mrs. Markland, "going to your heart like a strain of music, warming it like a golden sunbeam. Flora's character is by no means a passive one, but rather the reverse."

"She is usually very quiet when I see her," replied Markland.

"This arises from an instinctive deference to those who are older."

"Fanny is strongly attached to her, I think."

"Yes; and the attachment I believe to be mutual."

"Would not Flora, at your suggestion, seek to draw her gradually forth from her seclusion?"

"We have talked together on that subject several times," replied Mrs. Markland, "and are now trying to do the very thing that you suggest."

"With any prospect of accomplishing the thing desired?"

"I believe so. There is to be a company at Mr. Willet's next week, and we have nearly gained Fanny's consent to be present."

"Have you? I am indeed gratified to learn this."

"Flora has set her heart on gaining Fanny's consent, and will leave no influence untried."

"Still, Fanny's promise to go is withheld?"

"Yes; but I have observed her looking over her drawers, and showing more interest in certain articles therein, than she has evinced for a long, long time."

"If she goes, she will require a new dress," said Mr. Markland.

"I think not. Such preparation would be too formal at present. But, we can make that all right."

"Oh! it will give me so much pleasure! Do not leave any influence untried."

"You may be sure that we will not," answered Mrs. Markland; and, what is more, you have little to fear touching our success."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The efforts of Flora Willet were successful; and Fanny Markland made one of the company that assembled at her brother's house. Through an almost unconquerable reluctance to come forth into the eye of the world, so to speak, she had broken; and, as one after another of the guests entered the parlors, she could hardly repress an impulse to steal away and hide herself from the crowd of human faces thickly closing around her. Undesired, she found herself an object of attention; and, in some cases, of clearly-expressed sympathy, that was doubly unpleasant.

The evening was drawing to a close, and Fanny had left the company, and was standing alone in one of the porticos, when a young man, whose eyes she had several times observed earnestly fixed upon her, passed near, walked a few paces beyond, and then turning, came up and said, in a low voice—"Pardon this slight breach of etiquette, Miss Markland. I failed to get a formal introduction. But, as I have a few words to say that must be said, I am forced to a seeming rudeness."

Both the manner and words of the stranger so startled Fanny, that her heart began to throb wildly, and her limbs to tremble. Seeing her clasp the pillar by which she stood, he said, as he offered an arm—

"Walk with me, for a few minutes at the other end of the portico. We will be less observed, and freer from interruption."

But Fanny only shrunk closer to the pillar.

"If you have anything to say to me, let it be said here," she replied. Her trembling voice betrayed her agitation.

"What I have to say, concerns you deeply," returned the young man, "and you ought to hear it in a calmer mood. Let us remove a little farther from observation, and be less in danger of interruption."

"Speak, or retire!" said Fanny, with assumed firmness, waving her hand as she spoke.

But the stranger only bent nearer.

"I have a word for you from Mr. Lyon," said he, in a low, distinct whisper.

It was some moments before Fanny made answer. There was a wild strife in her spirit. But the tempest was of brief duration. Scarcely a perceptible tremor was in her voice, as she answered,

"It need not be spoken."

"Say not so, Miss Markland. If, in anything, you may have misapprehended him—"

"Go, sir!" And Fanny drew herself up to her full height, and pointed away with her finger.

"Mr. Lyon has ever loved you with the most passionate devotion," said the stranger. "In some degree he is responsible for the misfortune of your father; and now, at the first opportunity for doing so, he is ready to tender a recompense. Partly for this purpose, and partly to bear to you the declaration of Mr. Lyon's unwavering regard, am I here."

"He has wronged, deeply wronged my father," replied Fanny, something of the imperious tone and manner with which she had last spoken abating. "If prepared to make restitution in any degree, the way can easily be opened."

"Circumstances," was answered, "conspired to place him in a false position, and make him the instrument of wrong to those for whom he would at any time have sacrificed largely, instead of becoming the minister of evil."

"What does he propose?" asked Fanny.

"To restore your father to his old position. Woodbine Lodge can be purchased from the present owner. It may become your home again."

"It is well," said Fanny. "Let justice be done."

She was now entirely self-possessed, bore herself firmly erect, and spoke without apparent emotion. Standing with her back to the window, through which light came, her own face was in shadow, while that of her companion was clearly seen.

"Justice will be done," replied the young man, slightly embarrassed by the replies of Fanny, the exact meaning of which he did not clearly perceive.

"Is that all you have to communicate?" said the young girl, seeing that he hesitated.

"Not all."

"Say on, then."

"There are conditions."

"Ah! Name them."

"Mr. Lyon still loves you with an undying tenderness."

Fanny waved her hand quickly, as if rejecting the affirmation, and slightly averted her head, but did not speak.

"His letters ceased because he was in no state to write; not because there was any change in his feelings toward you. After the terrible disaster to the Company, for which he has been too sweepingly blamed, he could not write."

"Where is he now?" inquired the maiden.

"I am not yet permitted to answer such a question."

There came a pause.

"What shall I say to him from you?"

"Nothing!" was the firm reply.

"Nothing? Think again, Miss Markland."

"Yes; say to him, that the mirror which once reflected his image in my heart, is shattered forever."

"Think of your father," urged the stranger.

"Go, sir!" And Fanny again waved her hand for him to leave her. "Your words are an offence to me."

A form intercepted at this moment the light which came through one of the doors opening upon the portico, and Fanny stepped forward a pace or two.

"Ah! Miss Markland, I've been looking for you."

It was Mr. Willet. The stranger moved away as the other approached, yet remained near enough to observe them. Fanny made no response.

"There is a bit of moonlight scenery that is very beautiful," said Mr. Willet. "Come with me to the other side of the house."

And he offered his arm, through which Fanny drew hers without hesitation. They stepped from the piazza, and passed in among the fragrant shrubbery, following one of the garden walks, until they were in view of the scene to which Mr. Willet referred. A heavy bank of clouds had fallen in the east, and the moon was just struggling through the upper, broken edges, along which her gleaming silver lay in fringes, broad belts, and fleecy masses, giving to the dark vapors below a deeper blackness. Above all this, the sky was intensely blue, and the stars shone down with a sharp, diamond-like lustre. Beneath the bank of clouds, yet far enough in the foreground of this picture to partly emerge from obscurity, stood, on an eminence, a white marble building, with columns of porticos, like a Grecian temple. Projected against the dark background were its classic outlines, looking more like a vision of the days of Pericles than a modern verity.

"Only once before I have seen it thus," said Mr. Willet, after his companion had gazed for some time upon the scene without speaking, "and ever since, it has been a picture in my memory."

"How singularly beautiful!" Fanny spoke with only a moderate degree of enthusiasm,

and with something absent in her manner. Mr. Willet turned to look into her face, but it lay too deeply in shadow. For a short time they stood gazing at the clouds, the sky, and the snowy temple. Then Mr. Willet passed on, with the maiden, threading the bordered garden-walks, and lingering among the trees, until they came to one of the pleasant summer-houses, all the time seeking to awaken some interest in her mind. She had answered all his remarks so briefly and in so absent a manner, that he was beginning to despair, when she said, almost abruptly—

"Did you see the person who was with me on the portico, when you came out just now?"

"Yes."

"Do you know him?"

"He's a stranger to me," said Mr. Willet; "and I do not even remember his name. Mr. Ellis introduced him."

"And you invited him to your house?"

"No, Miss Markland. We invited Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, and they brought him as their friend."

"Ah!" There was something of relief in her tone.

"But what of him?" said Mr. Willet. "Why do you inquire about him so earnestly?"

Fanny made no answer.

"Did he in any way intrude upon you?" Mr. Willet spoke in a quicker voice.

"I have no complaint to make against him," replied Fanny. "And yet I ought to know who he is, and where he is from."

"You shall know all you desire," said her companion. "I will obtain from Mr. Ellis full information in regard to him."

"You will do me a very great favor."

The rustling of a branch at this moment caused both of them to turn in the direction from which the sound came. The form of a man was, for an instant, distinctly seen, close to the summer-house. But it vanished, ere more than the dim outline was perceived.

"Who can that be, hovering about in so stealthy a manner?" Mr. Willet spoke with rising indignation, starting to his feet as he uttered the words.

"Probably the very person about whom we were conversing," said Fanny.

"This is an outrage! Come, Miss Markland, let us return to the house, and I will at once make inquiry of Mr. Ellis about this stranger."

Fanny again took the proffered arm of Mr. Willet, and the two went silently back, and joined the company from which they had a little while before retired. The latter at once made inquiry of Mr. Ellis respecting the stranger who had been introduced to him. The answers were far from being satisfactory.

"He is a young man whose acquaintance I made about a year ago. He was then a frequent visitor in my family, and we found him an intelligent, agreeable companion. For several months he has been spending his time at the South. A few weeks ago, he returned and renewed his friendly relations. On learning that we were to be among your guests on this

occasion, he expressed so earnest a desire to be present, that we took the liberty sometimes assumed among friends, and brought him along. If we have, in the least, trespassed on our privileges as your guests, we do most deeply regret the circumstance."

And this was all Mr. Willet could learn, at the time, in reference to the stranger, who, on being sought for, was nowhere to be found. He had heard enough of the conversation that passed between Mr. Willet and Fanny, as he listened to them while they sat in the summer-house, to satisfy him that if he remained longer at "Sweetbrier," he would become an object of the host's too careful observation.

CHAPTER XI.

A few weeks prior to the time at which the incidents of the preceding chapter occurred, a man, with a rough, neglected exterior, and face almost hidden by an immense beard, landed at New Orleans from one of the Gulf steamers, and was driven to the St. Charles Hotel. His manner was restless, yet wary. He gave his name as Falkner, and repaired at once to the room assigned to him.

"Is there a boarder in the house named Leach?" he made inquiry of the servant who came up with his baggage.

"There is," was replied.

"Will you ascertain if he is in, and say that I wish to see him?"

"What name, sir?" inquired the servant.

"No matter. Give the number of my room."

The servant departed, and in a few minutes conducted a man to the apartment of the stranger.

"Ah! you are here!" exclaimed the former, starting forward, and grasping tightly the hand that was extended to receive him. "When did you arrive?"

"This moment."

"From—?"

"No matter where from, at present. Enough that I am here." The servant had retired, and the closed door was locked. "But there is one thing I don't just like."

"What is that?"

"You penetrated my disguise too easily."

"I expected you, and knew, when inquired for, by whom I was wanted."

"That as far as it goes. But would you have known me if I had passed you in the street?"

The man named Leach, took a long, close survey of the other, and then replied—

"I think not, for you are shockingly disfigured. How did you manage to get that deep gash across your forehead?"

"It occurred in an affray with one of the natives; I came near losing my life."

"A narrow escape, I should say."

"It was. But I had the satisfaction of shooting the bloody rascal through the heart." And a grin of savage pleasure showed the man's white teeth gleaming below the jetty moustache. "Well, you see I am here," he added, "boldly venturing on dangerous ground."

"So I see. And for what? You say that I can serve you again; and I am in New Orleans to do your bidding."

"You can serve me, David," was answered, with some force of expression. "In fact, among the large number of men with whom I have had intercourse, you are the only one who has always been true to me, and" (with a strongly uttered oath) "I will never fail you in any extremity."

"I hope never to put your friendship to any perilous test," replied the other, smiling. "But say on."

"I can't give that girl up. Plague on her bewitching face! it has wrought upon me a kind of enchantment. I see it ever before me as a thing of beauty. David! she must be mine at any sacrifice!"

"Who? Markland's pretty daughter?"

"Yes."

"Better start some other game," was bluntly answered. "Your former attempt to run this down came near ruining every thing."

"No danger of that now. The ingots are all safe," and the man gave a shrug.

"Lyon—"

"My name is Falkner. Don't forget it if you please!" The speaker contracted his brows.

"Falkner, then. What I want to say is this: Let well enough alone. If the ingots are safe, permit them to remain so. Don't be foolhardy enough to put any one on the scent of them."

"Don't be troubled about that. I have sacrificed too much in gaining the wealth desired ever to hold it with a careless or relaxing grasp. And yet its mere possession brings not the repose of mind, the sense of independence, that were so pleasingly foreshadowed. Something is yet lacking to make the fruition complete. I want a companion; and there is only one, in the wide world, who can be to me what I desire."

"Fanny Markland?"

"Yes."

"You wish to make her your wife?"

"She is too pure to be happy in any other relation. Yes; I wish to gain her for my bride."

"A thing more difficult than you imagine."

"The task may be difficult; but, I will not believe, impossible."

"And it is in this matter you desire my service?"

"Yes."

"I am ready. Point the way, and I will go. Digest the plan, and I am the one to carry it out."

"You must go North."

"Very well."

"Do you know how her father is situated at present?"

"He is a poor clerk in a jobbing-house."

"Indeed! They stripped him of every thing?"

"Yes. Wobdbine Lodge vanished from beneath his feet as if it had been an enchanted island."

"Poor man! I am sorry for him. I never contemplated so sweeping a disaster in his case. But no one can tell, when the ball leaves his hand, what sort of a strike will be made. How does he bear it, I wonder?"

"Don't know. It must have been a terrible fall for him."

"And Fanny? Have you learned nothing in regard to her?"

"Nothing."

"Did you keep up a correspondence with the family whose acquaintance you made in——"

"The family of Mr. Ellis? No; not any regular correspondence. We passed a letter or two, when I made a few inquiries about the Marklands, and particularly mentioned Fanny; but heard no further from them."

"There are no landmarks, then?" said Lyon.

"None."

"You must start immediately for the North. I will remain here until word comes from you. Ascertain, first, if you can, if there is any one connected with the Company who is yet on the alert in regard to myself; and write to me all the facts you learn on this head immediately. If it is not safe to remain in the United States, I will return to the city of Mexico, and we can correspond from there. Lose no time in gaining access to Miss Markland, and learn her state of mind in regard to me. She cannot fail to have taken her father's misfortunes deeply to heart; and your strongest appeal to her may be on his behalf. It is in my power to restore him to his former position, and, for the sake of his daughter, if needful, that will be done."

"I comprehend you; and trust me to accomplish all you desire, if in human power. Yet I cannot help expressing surprise at the singular fascination this girl has wrought upon you. I saw her two or three times, but perceived nothing very remarkable about her. She is pretty enough; yet, in any company of twenty women, you may pick out three far handsomer. What is the peculiar charm she carries about her?"

"It is nameless, but all-potent, and can only be explained psychologically, I suppose. No matter, however. The girl is necessary to my happiness, and I must secure her."

"By fair means, or foul?" His companion spoke inquiringly.

"I never hesitate about the means to be employed when I attempt the accomplishment of an object," was replied. "If she cannot be prevailed upon to come to me willingly, stratagem—even force—must be used. I know that she loves me; for a woman who once loves, loves always. Circumstances may have cooled, even hardened the surface of her feelings, but her heart beneath is warm toward me still. There may be many reasons why she would not voluntarily leave her home for the one I promised her, however magnificent; but, if removed without her own consent, after the change, she may find in my love the highest felicity her heart could desire."

"My faith is not strong," said Leach, "and

never has been, in the stability of love. But you have always manifested a weakness in this direction; and, I suppose, it runs in the blood. Probably, if you carry the girl off, (not so easy a thing, by the way, nor a safe operation to attempt,) you can make all smooth with her by doing something handsome for her father."

"No doubt of it. I could restore Woodbine Lodge to his possession, and settle two or three thousand a year on him beside."

"Such arguments might work wonders," said the accomplice.

A plan of operations was settled during the day, and early on the next morning the friend of Mr. Lyon started northward.

CHAPTER XL.

The first letter received by Mr. Lyon, gave only a vague account of affairs.

"I arrived yesterday," wrote Leach, "and entered upon my work immediately. The acquaintance with Mr. Ellis has been renewed. Last evening I spent with the family, and learned that the Marklands were living in a pleasant little cottage within sight of Woodbine Lodge; but could glean few particulars in regard to them. Fanny has entirely secluded herself. No one seemed to know anything of her state of mind, though something about a disappointment in love was distantly intimated."

The next letter produced considerable excitement in the mind of Mr. Lyon. His friend wrote:

"There is a person named Willet living in the neighborhood, who is very intimate in Markland's family. It is said by some that he more than fancies the daughter. And he is rich, and of good reputation and appearance, he may be a dangerous rival."

About a week later, Leach wrote:

"This Willet, of whom I spoke, is the owner of an elegant seat not far from Markland's. He resides with his mother and sisters, who are especial favorites among all the neighbors. Next week they give a large party. In all probability Miss Markland will be there; and I must contrive to be there also. Mr. Ellis and his family have recently made their acquaintance, and have received invitations. Your humble servant will be on the ground, if asking to go under the shadow of their wings will gain the favor. He is not over modest, you know. If Fanny Markland should be there, depend upon it, the golden opportunity will not pass unimproved. She shall hear from you."

Another week of suspense.

"Don't like the aspect of affairs," wrote the friend. "I was at Mr. Willet's and saw Miss Markland. The whole family were particularly gracious to her. It was her first appearance in any company since her father's failure. She looked pensive, but charming. In truth, my friend, she is a girl worth the winning, and no mistake. I think her lovely. Well, I tried all the evening to get an introduction to her, but failed, being a stranger. Fortunately, at a late hour, I saw her leave one of the elegant parlors alone, and go out upon the portico. This was the opportunity, and I seized it. Boldly addressing her, I mentioned,

after a little play of words, your name. Said I had a message from you, and, as guardedly as possible, declared your undying love. But I could not just make her out. She showed great self-possession under the circumstances, and a disposition to throw me off. I don't think her heart beats very warmly toward you. This was the state of affairs when Mr. Willet made his appearance, and I drew myself away. He said a few words to her, when she placed her arm within his, and they walked into the garden alone. I followed at a distance. After admiring a bit of moonlight fancy-work, they strayed into a summer-house, and I got close enough to hear what they were talking about; I found that she was making particular inquiries as to my identity, and that he was unable to give her the information she desired. I did not feel much encouraged by the tone in which she alluded to me. Unfortunately, I rustled a branch in my eagerness to catch every word, and so discovered myself. Beating a hasty retreat, I went back to the house, took my hat, and quietly retired, walking most of the way to the city, a distance of several miles. I have not called upon the family of Mr. Ellis, and am still in doubt whether it will be wise to do so."

This communication almost maddened Lyon. There was evidently a rival in the field, and one who had over him an immense advantage. Impatiently he waited for the next letter. Three days elapsed before it came. Tearing open the envelope, he read—

"I don't think there is much chance for you. This Willet has been a particular friend of the family since their misfortunes. He bought the cottage in which they live, and offered it to them at a moderate rent, when almost every one turned from them coldly. The two families have ever since maintained a close intimacy; and it is pretty generally thought that a closer relation will, ere long, exist between them. I called upon the Ellises yesterday. Their reception was far from cordial. I tried to be self-possessed, and as chatty as usual; but it was up-hill work, you may depend on it. Once I ventured an allusion to the party at Willets; but it was received with an embarrassed silence. I left early, and without the usual invitation to repeat my visits. To-day I met Mr. Ellis in the street, and received from him the cut direct! So, you see, affairs are not progressing very favorably; and the worst is, I am in total ignorance of the real effect of my interview with Miss Markland upon her own mind. She may yet retain the communication I made as her own secret, or have revealed it to her father. His reception of the matter, if aware of what occurred, is a problem unsolved. I can, therefore, only say, keep as cool as possible, and wait as patiently as possible a few days longer, when you shall know the best or the worst."

A mad imprecation fell from the lips of Mr. Lyon, as he threw this letter from him. He was baffled completely. Two more days of wearying suspense went heavily by, and then another letter came to the impatient waiter.

"This place," so Leach wrote, "will soon be too hot to hold me, I'm afraid. If not mistaken in the signs, there's something brewing. Twice, to-day, I've been inquired for at the hotel. To-morrow morning early I shall prudently change my quarters, and drop down to Washington in the early cars. A little change in the external man can be effected there. On the day after, I will return, and, under cover of my disguised exterior, renew operations. But I can't flatter you with any hope of success. It's pretty generally believed that Willet is going to marry Fanny

Markland; and the match is too good a one for a poor girl to decline. He is rich, educated honorable; and, people say, kind and good. And, to speak out my thoughts on the subject, I think she'd be a fool to decline the arrangement, even against your magnificent proposals. Still, I'm heart and hand with you, and ready to venture even upon the old boy's dominions to serve a long-tried friend. There is one significant fact that makes strong against you. It is said that Mr. Willet is about making a change in his business, and that Markland is to be associated with him in some new arrangements. That looks as if matters were settled between the two families. In my next letter I hope to communicate something more satisfactory."

On the day after receiving this communication, Lyon, while walking the floor in one of the parlors, saw a man pass in from the street, and go hurriedly along the hall. The form struck him as strangely like that of his friend from whom he was hourly in expectation of another letter. Stepping quickly to the door of the room, he caught a glimpse of the man ascending the staircase. To follow was a natural impulse. Doubt was only of brief continuance.

"David!" he exclaimed, on reaching his own apartment, "In the name of heaven! what does this mean?"

"That you are in danger," was replied, in a tone that made the villain's heart leap.

"What?" The two men retired within the apartment.

"I fear they are on our track," said Leach.

"Who?"

"The law's fierce bloodhounds!"

"No! impossible!" The face of Lyon grew white as ashes, and his limbs shook with a sudden, irrepressible tremor.

"Speak out plainly," he added, "What evidence is there of danger?"

"In my last letter, you will remember, I expressed some fear of this head, and mentioned my purpose to go to Washington and assume a disguise."

"I do, and have felt troubled about it."

"Well, I was off by the early train on the next morning. As good or bad luck would have it, the very man who sat next me in the cars, was an individual I had met in the family of Mr. Ellis. He knew me, but played shy for some time. I pretended not to recognise him at first, but turning to him suddenly, after we had been under way for ten minutes or so, I said, as if I had but just become aware of his identity, 'Why, how are you? I did not know that I had an acquaintance by my side.' He returned my warm greeting rather distantly; but there was too much at stake to mind this, and I determined to thaw him out, which I accomplished in due time. I found him a free sort of a man to talk, after he got going, and so I made myself quite familiar, and encouraged him to be outspoken. I knew he had heard something about my adventure at Mr. Willet's, and determined to get from him the stories that were afloat on that subject. All came in good time. But the exaggeration was tremendous. Fanny had concealed nothing from her father, and he nothing from Mr. Willet. I was known as your agent and accomplice, and there was a plan concocting to get possession of my person, and, through me, of yours. 'Take a friend's advice,' said the man to me, as we stepped from the cars at Washington, 'and give — a wide berth in future.' I did take his advice, kept straight on, and am here."

"Confusion!" The pallid face of Lyon had flushed again, and was now dark with congestion.

"When will the next boat leave for Vera Cruz?" inquired Leach.

"Day after to-morrow," was answered.

"We are in peril here every hour."

"But cannot leave earlier. I hope your fears have magnified the danger."

"If there be danger at all, it cannot be magnified. Let them once get you in their hands, and they will demand a fearful retribution."

"I am well aware of that, and do not mean to be left in their power."

"The telegraph has, no doubt, already put the authorities here on the alert. My very arrival may have been noted. It will not do for us to be seen together."

"Ha! I did not think of that!" Lyon was more deeply disturbed. "You had better go from here at once. Where is your baggage?"

"I ordered it to be sent up."

"Let me see after that. At once pass over to the Levee; go on board the first boat that is leaving, whether bound up the river or for Galveston. Only get off from the city, and then make your way to Mexico. — You will find me there."

Fear had now seized upon both of the men, and each saw consternation in the other's face.

"I am off at the word," said Leach, as he grasped the hand of his companion.

"Be discreet, self-possessed, and wary," Lyon spoke in a warning voice.

"I will. And you take good heed to the same advice."

The men were yet standing face to face, each grasping the other's hand, when both partly turned their heads to listen. There was a sound of feet at the upper end of the passage, just at the landing, and it came rapidly nearer. A breathless pause marked the deep interest of the listeners. A few moments of suspense, in which Lyon and his companion grew deadly pale, and then the noisy footsteps were silenced at their very door. A smothered sound of voices was followed by a trial of the lock, and then by a decided rapping. But no answer was made to the summons.

Noiselessly, Mr. Lyon drew from a deep side-pocket a loaded revolver; but the hand of his companion was laid quickly upon his arm, and his lips, in dumb show, gave the word —

"Madness!"

Lyon shook him off, and deliberately pointed his weapon toward the door.

"Hullo, there! Are you asleep?"

This loud call came after repeated knocking and rattling. But there was no response, nor the slightest indication of life within the chamber.

"They are here, I am certain." These words were distinctly heard by the anxious inmates.

"Then we must break in the door," was resolutely answered.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, put up that pistol!" hoarsely whispered Leach. "Such resistance will be fatal evidence against us. Better open the door, and put a bold face upon it."

"Too late!" was just whispered back, when the door flew open with a crash, and the body of the man who had thrown himself against it with a force greatly beyond the resistance, fell inward upon the floor. At the same instant, Lyon exclaimed, in a quick, savage voice —

"Back, instantly, or you are dead men!"

There was such a will in the words he uttered, that, for a moment, the men, four in number, fell back from the open door, and in that instant, Lyon sprang past them, and ere they could recover themselves, was beyond their reach. His friend made an attempt to follow, but was seized and made prisoner. The time spent in securing him was so much of a

diversion in favor of Lyon, who succeeded in getting into the street, ere the alarm extended to the lower part of the house, and passing beyond immediate observation. But escape from the city was impossible. The whole police force was on the alert in half an hour, and in less than an hour he was captured, disguised as a sailor, on board of a vessel already cleared and making ready to drop down the river. He yielded quietly, and, after being taken before the authorities in the case, was committed for hearing in default of bail. The arrest was on a requisition from the governor of New York.

CHAPTER XLII.

Fanny had not hesitated a moment on the question of communicating to her father the singular occurrence at Mr. Willet's; and Mr. Markland was prompt, not only in writing to two or three of the principal sufferers by Lyon in New York, but in drawing the attention of the police to the stranger who had so boldly made propositions to his daughter. Two men were engaged to watch all his movements, and on no pretence whatever to lose sight of him. The New York members of the Company responded instantly to Markland's suggestion, and one of them came on to confer and act in concert with him. A letter delivered at the post office to the stranger, it was ascertained, came by way of New Orleans. A requisition from the governor of New York to deliver up, as a fugitive from justice, the person of Lee Lyon, was next obtained. All things were thus brought into readiness for action, the purpose being to keep two police officers ever on the track of his accomplice, let him go where he would. Inquiries were purposely made for this man at the hotel, in order to excite a suspicion of something wrong, and hasten his flight from the city; and when he fled at last, the officers, unknown to him, were in the cars. The telegraph gave intelligence to the police at New Orleans, and all was in readiness there for the arrival of the party. How promptly action followed has been seen. On the day after Lyon's arrest, he was on his way northward, in custody of two officers, who were already well enough acquainted with his character to be ever on the alert. Several attempts at escape were made, but they succeeded in delivering him safely in New York, where he was committed to prison.

On the day, and almost at the very hour, when the iron doors closed drearily on the criminal, Fanny Markland was alone with Mr. Willet. At the earnest desire of Flora, she had gone over to spend the afternoon at "Sweetbriar." The brother came out from the city at dinner-time, and did not return again—the attractions of his fair guest being more than he could resist. There had been music and conversation during the afternoon, and all had been done by the family to render the visit of Fanny as agreeable as possible; but she did not seem in as good spirits as usual—her eyes were dreamy, and her voice had in it a shade of sadness.

Toward evening, she walked out with Flora and her brother. The conversation turned on the beautiful in nature, and Mr. Willet talked in his earnest way—every sentence full of poetry to the ears of at least one absorbed listener. In a pause of the conversation, Flora left them and went back to the house. For a little while the silence continued, and then Mr. Willet said, in a tone so changed that its echo in the maiden's heart made every pulse beat quicker,—

"Fanny, there is one question that I have long desired to ask."

She lifted her eyes to his face timidly, and looked steadily at him for a few moments; then, as they fell to the ground, she replied—

"You can ask no question that it will not give me pleasure to answer."

"But this, I fear, will give you pain," said he.

"Pain, you have taught me, is often a salutary discipline."

"True, and may it be so in the present instance.—It is not unknown to me that Mr. Lyon once held a place in your regard—I will go further, and say in your affections."

Fanny started, and moved a step from him; but he continued—

"The question I wish to ask is, does there yet remain in your heart a single point that gives back a reflection of his image? In plainer words, is he any thing to you?"

"No, nothing!" was the emphatic, almost indignant, answer.

"It is said," resumed Mr. Willet, "that you once loved him."

"He came to me," replied Fanny, "a young, artless, trusting girl, as an angel of light. Nay, I was only a child, whose ears were unused to warmer words than fell from the loving lips of parents. Suddenly, he opened before me a world of enchantment. My whole being was on fire with a delicious passion. I believed him true and good, and loved him, because, in my eyes, he was the embodiment of all human perfections. But time proved that I had only loved an enchanting ideal, and my heart rejected him with intense loathing."

"Enough," said Willet; "I feel that it must be so."

The two remained silent for the space of nearly a minute; Mr. Willet then resumed—

"Forgive me if my question has seemed indelicate, and be assured that I asked it from no idle curiosity. Let me go a little further; and, my dear young lady, retain your calmness of spirit. Look into your heart, but keep every pulsation under control. Since our first meeting, I have felt a deep interest in you.—What you have suffered has pained me seriously; but the pain has given way to pleasure, for out of the fire you have come up pure and strong, Fanny! I have but one word more—there is a sacred place in my heart, and your image has long been the inhabitant. Here is my hand—will you lay your own within it, that I may grasp it as mine for life?"

Willet extended his hand as he spoke. There was only a moment's hesitation on the part of Fanny, who stood with her head bent so far down that the expression of her face could not be seen. Raising her eyes in which joy shone through blinding tears, she extended her hand, which was seized, grasped tightly for an instant, and then covered with kisses.

CHAPTER XLIII.

No sooner was Lyon completely in the power of the men he had wronged to an extent that left no room for mercy, than he made offers of compromise. A public trial involved not only public disgrace, but he had too good reasons to fear conviction and penal retribution. This was the greatest evil he had to dread, and so he made up his mind to part with at least a portion of his ill-gotten gains. Interview after interview was held with the parties representing the Company for which he had been agent, and a final arrangement made for the restitution of about two hundred thousand dollars—his release not to take place until the money, or its value, was in the hands of his creditors. Nearly three months passed in efforts to consummate this matter, and at last the sum of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars was obtained, and the miserable, disgraced man set free. He went forth into the world again with the bitterness of a life-disappointment at his heart, and a feeling of almost murderous hate against the men whose confidence he had betrayed, and who obtained from him only a partial reparation.

Of the sum restored, there fell to Mr. Markland's share about

twenty-five thousand dollars. Its possession quickened in his heart the old ambitious spirit, and he began to revolve in his thoughts, the ways and means of recovering, by aid of this remnant of his fortune, the wealth which a scheming villain had wrested from his grasp. Mr. Willet, whose marriage with his daughter was on the eve of taking place, had made to him certain proposals in regard to business, that promised a sure, but not particularly brilliant return. All the required capital was to be furnished. He had not yet accepted this offer, but was about doing so, when expectation ended in certainty, and his proportion of the money recovered from Lyon was paid into his hands.

A rapid change of feelings and plans was the consequence. On the day that checks covering the whole sum awarded to Mr. Markland were received from New York, he returned early in the afternoon from the city, his mind buoyant with hope in the future. As the cars swept around a particular curve on approaching the station at which he was to alight, "Woodbine Lodge" came in full view, and with a sudden impulse he exclaimed, "It shall be mine again!"

"The man is not all crushed out of me yet!" There was a proud swelling of the heart as Markland said this. He had stepped from the cars at the station, and with a firmer step than usual, and a form more erect, was walking homeward. Lawn Cottage was soon in view, nestling peacefully amid embowering trees. How many times during the past year had a thankful spirit given utterance to words of thankfulness, as, at day's decline, his homeward steps brought in view this pleasant hiding-place from the world! It was different now: the spot were a changed aspect, and, comparatively, looked small and mean, for his ideas had suddenly been elevated toward "Woodbine Lodge," and a strong desire for its re-possession had seized upon him.

But if, to his disturbed vision, beauty had partially faded from the external of his home, no shadow dimmed the brightness within. The happy voices of children fell in music on his ears, and small arms clasping his neck, sent electric thrills of gladness to his heart. And how full of serene joy was the face of his wife, the angel of his home, as she greeted his return, and welcomed him with words that never disturbed, but always tranquillized!

"There is a better time coming, Agnes," he said in an exultant voice, when they were alone that evening. He had informed her of the settlement of his affairs in New York, and the reception of the sum which had been awarded to him in the division of property recovered from Mr. Lyon.

"A better time, Edward?" said Mrs. Markland. She seemed slightly startled at his words, and looked half timidly into his face.

"Yes, a better time, love. I have too long been powerless in the hands of a stern necessity, which has almost crushed the life out of me; but morning begins to break, the night is passing, and my way in the world grows clear again."

"In the world, or through the world?" asked Mrs. Markland, in a voice and with an expression of countenance that left her meaning in no doubt.

He looked at her for several moments, his face changing until the light fading left it almost shadowed.

"Edward," said Mrs. Markland, leaning toward him, and speaking earnestly, but lovingly, "you look for a better time. How better? Are we not happy here? Nay, did we ever know more of true happiness than since we gathered closer together in this pleasant home? Have we not found a better time in a true appreciation of the ends of life? Have we not learned to live, in some feeble degree, that inner and higher life, from the development of which alone comes the soul's tranquility? Ah, Edward, do not let go of these truths that we have learned.—Do not let your eyes become so dazzled by the splendor of the sun of this world as to lose the power to see into the inner world of your spirit, and behold the brighter sun that can make all glorious there."

Markland bent his head, and for a little while a feeling of sadness oppressed him. The hope of worldly elevation, which had sprung up with so sudden and brilliant a flame, faded slowly away, and in its partial death the pains of dissolution were felt. The outer, visible, tangible world, had strong attractions for his natural mind; and its wealth, distinctions, luxuries, and honors, looked fascinating in the light of his natural affections; yet glimpses had already been given to him of another world of higher and diviner beauty. He had listened,

entranced, to its melodies, that came as from afar off; its fragrant airs had awakened his delighted sense; he had seen, as in a vision, the beauty of its inhabitants, and now the words of his wife restored all to his remembrance.

"The good time for which all are looking, and toiling, and waiting so impatiently," said Mrs. Markland, after a pause, "will never come to any, unless in a change of affection."

"The life must be changed."

"Yes, or, in better words, the love. If that be fixed on mere outward and natural things, life will be only a restless seeking after the unattainable—for the natural affections only grow by what they feed upon—desire ever increasing, until the still panting, unsatisfied heart has made for itself a hell of misery."

"Thanks, angel of my life!" returned Markland, as soon as he had, in a measure, recovered himself. "Even the painful lessons I have been taught would fade from my memory, but for thee!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

A few weeks later, and "Lawn Cottage" was the scene of an event which made the hearts of its inmates glad even to tears. That event was the marriage of Fanny. From the time of her betrothment to Mr. Willet, a new life seemed born in her spirit and a new beauty stamped upon her countenance. All around her was diffused the heart's warm sunshine. As if from a long, bewildering, painful dream, she had awakened to find the morning breaking in serene beauty, and loving arms gathered protectingly around her. The desolating tempest had swept by; and so brilliant was the sunshine, and so clear the bending azure, that night and storms were both forgotten.

Old Mr. Allison was one of the few guests, outside of the families, who were present at the nuptial ceremonies. The bride—in years, if not in heart-experience, yet too young to enter upon the high duties to which she had solemnly pledged herself—looked the embodied image of purity and loveliness.

"Let me congratulate you," said the old man, sitting down beside Mr. Markland, and grasping his hand, after the beautiful and impressive ceremony was over, and the husband's lips had touched the lips of his bride and wife.

"And mine is no ordinary congratulation, that goes scarcely deeper than words, for I see in this marriage the beginning of a true marriage; and in these external bonds, the image of those truer spiritual bonds which are to unite them in eternal union."

"What an escape she made!" responded the father, a shudder running through his frame, as there arose before him, at that instant, a clear recollection of the past, and of his own strange, consenting blindness."

"The danger was fearful," replied Mr. Allison, who understood the meaning of the words which had just been uttered. "But it is past now."

"Yes, thanks to the infinite wisdom that leads us back into right paths. Oh! what a life of unimagined wretchedness would have fallen to her lot, if all my plans and hopes had been accomplished! Do you know, Mr. Allison, that I have compared my insane purposes in the past to that of those men of old who made their children pass through the fire to Moloch? I set up an idol—a bloody Moloch—and was about sacrificing to it my child!"

"There is One who sits above the blinding vapors of human passion, and sees all ends from the beginning; One who loves us with an infinite tenderness, and leads us, even through struggling resistance, back to the right paths, let us stay never so often. Happy are we, if, when the right paths are gained, we walk therein with willing feet. Mr. Markland, your experiences have been of a most painful character; almost crushed out has been the natural life that held the soaring spirit fettered to the perishing things of this outer world; but you have felt that a new and better life has been born within you, and have tasted some of its purr pleasures. Oh, sir! let not the life of this world extinguish a fire that is kindled for eternity."

"How wonderfully has the infinite mercy saved me from myself!" returned Mr. Markland. "Wise, skillful in the ways of the world, prudent, and far seeing in my own estimation, yet was I blind, ignorant, and full of strong self-will. I chose my own way in the world, dazzled by the false glitter of merely external things. I launched my bark, freighted with human souls, boldly upon an unknown sea, and, but for the storms that drove me into a sheltered haven, would have made a fearful wreck."

"Then sail not forth again," said Mr. Allison. "Unless you have divine truth as your chart, and heaven's own pilot on board your vessel. It is still freighted with human souls."

"A fearful responsibility is mine," Mr. Markland spoke partly to himself.

"Yes," replied the old man; "for into your keeping immortal spirits have been committed. It is for them, not for yourself, that you are to live. Their good, not your own pleasure, is to be sought."

"Ah, if I had comprehended this truth years ago!" Markland sighed as he uttered the words.

"This is too happy an occasion," said Mr. Allison, in a cheerful voice, "to be marred by regrets for the past. They should never be permitted to bear down our spirits with sadness. The bright future is all before us, and the good time awaiting us, if we but look for it in the right direction."

"And where are we to look for it, Mr. Allison? Which is the right direction?"

"Within and heavenward," was answered, with a smile so radiant, that it made the wan face of the old man beautiful. "Like the kingdom of heaven, this good time comes not by observation; nor with a 'lo, here!' and a 'lo, there!' It must come within us, in such a change of our ruling affections, that all things good and true, which are real and eternal verities, shall be the highest objects of love; for if we love things that are real and abiding, and obtain as well as love them, our happiness is complete."

"Thanks for the many lessons of wisdom I have received from your lips," replied Mr. Markland. "Well would it have been for me, if I had earlier heeded them. But the ground was not hitherto prepared. Now, after the rank weeds have been removed, the surface broken by many furrows, and the ground watered with tears, good seed is falling into its bosom."

"May it bring forth good fruit—some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred-fold!" was said, loud and fervently, by the aged monitor; and, in the pause that followed, his ear caught a whispered "Amen."

And the good seed did spring up in its good ground, and good fruit came in the harvest time. Strongly tempted, indeed, was Mr. Markland, by his love of the world, and the brilliant rewards it promised to the successful, to enter a bold combatant in its crowded arena; but there were wise and loving counsellors around him, and their words were not unheeded. Instead of aspiring after "Woodbine Lodge," he was content to purchase "Lawn Cottage," and invest the remainder of what he had received in property that not only paid him a fair interest, but was increasing in value. The offer of Mr. Willet to enter into business was accepted, and in this his gains were sufficient to give him all needed external comfort, and a reasonable prospect of moderate accumulation.

How peacefully moved on again the pure stream of Mrs. Markland's unambitious life! If her way through the world was not so thickly bordered with brilliant flowers, humbler blossoms lined it, and she gathered as sweet honey from these as ever from their gayest sisters. She, too, had grown wiser, and could read the pages of a book whose leaves she had once turned vainly, searching for truth.

Even Aunt Grace was beginning to feel that there were some things in the world not dreamed of in her common-sense philosophy. She looked on thoughtfully, pondering much of what she heard and saw, in her heart. She had ceased to speak about the annoyance of having "Woodbine Lodge" "forever stalling down," with a kind of triumph, upon them; though it was hard for her, at all times, to rise above this weakness. The "Markland blood," as she said, was too strong within her. What puzzled her most was the cheerful heart of her brother, and the interest he took in many things once scarcely noticed. Formerly, when thought went beyond himself, its circumference was limited by the good of his own family; but now, he gave some care to the common good, and manifested a neighborly regard for others. He was looking in the right direction for "that good time coming," and the light of a better morning was breaking in upon his spirit.

As years progressed, the day grew broader, and the light of the morning became as the light of noonday. And as it was with him and his, so may it be with us all. In each of our hearts is a dissatisfied yearning toward the future, and looking for a brighter day than any that has yet smiled down upon us. But this brighter day will never dawn except in the world of our spirits. It is created by no natural sun of fire, but by the sun of divine love. In vain, then, do we toil and struggle, and press forward in our journey through the world, fondly believing that in wealth, honor, or some more desired external good, the soul's fruition will be gained. The immortal spirit will never be satisfied with these things; and the good time will never come to the erring seeker.

THE END.

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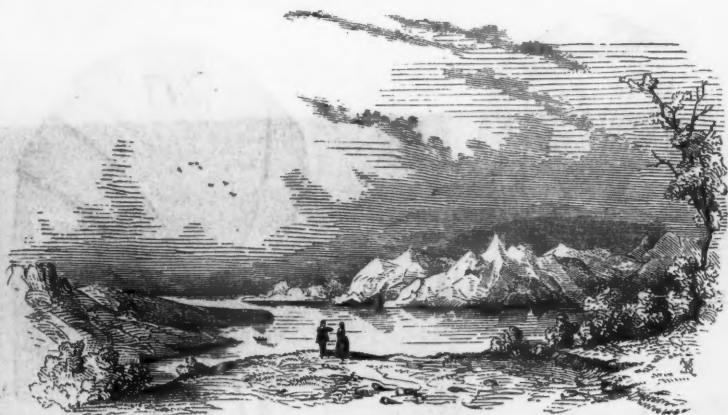
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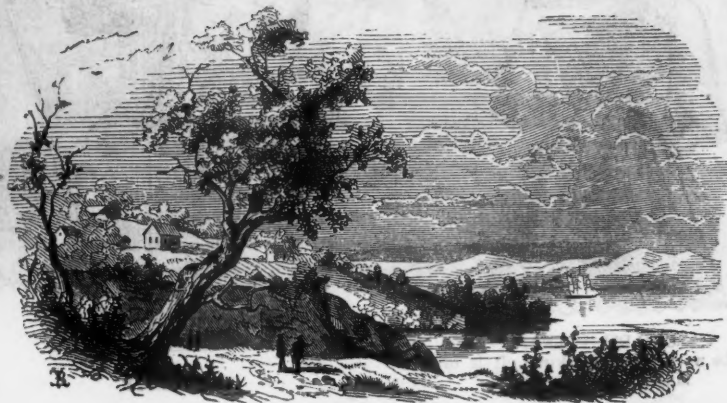
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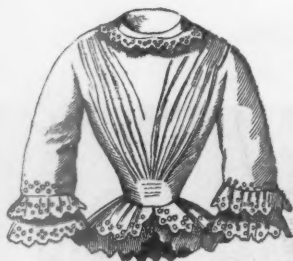
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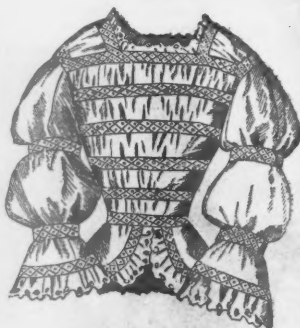
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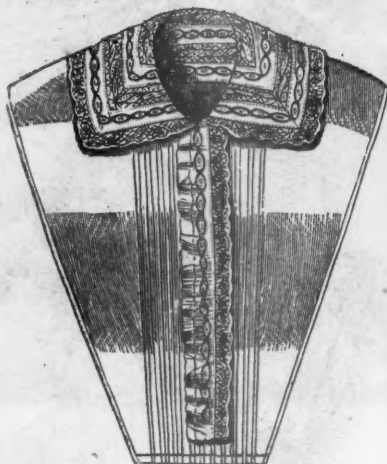
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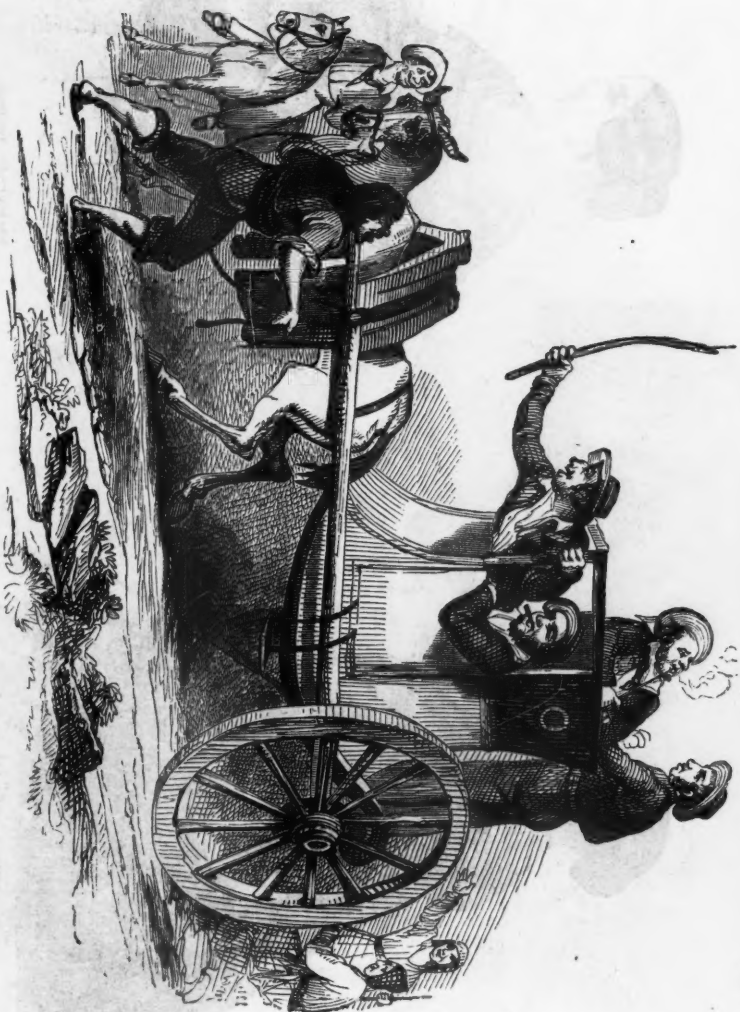


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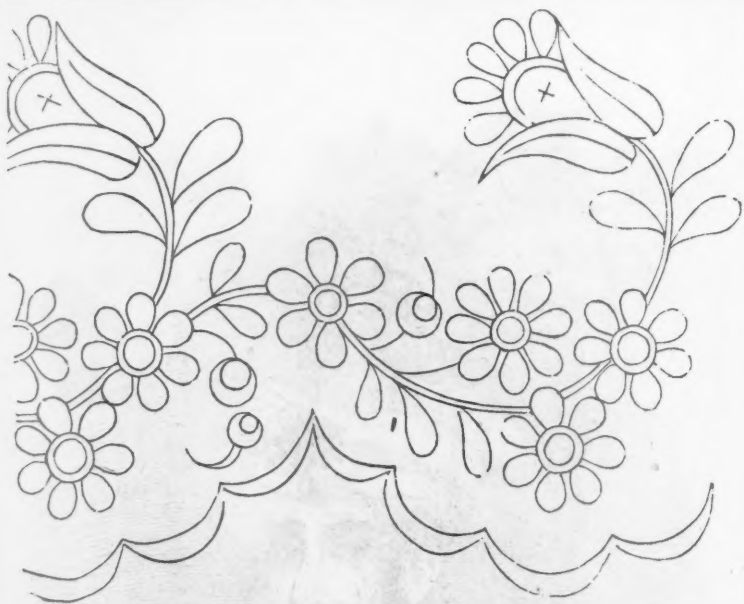
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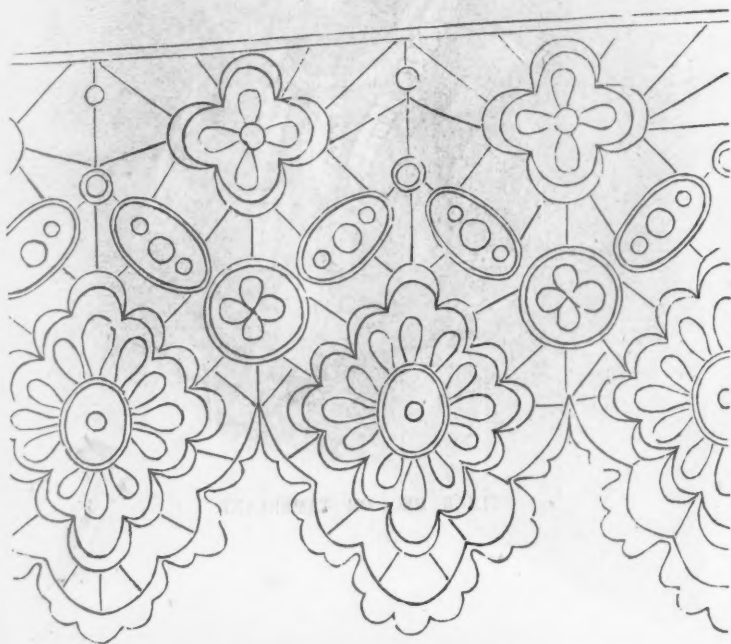
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